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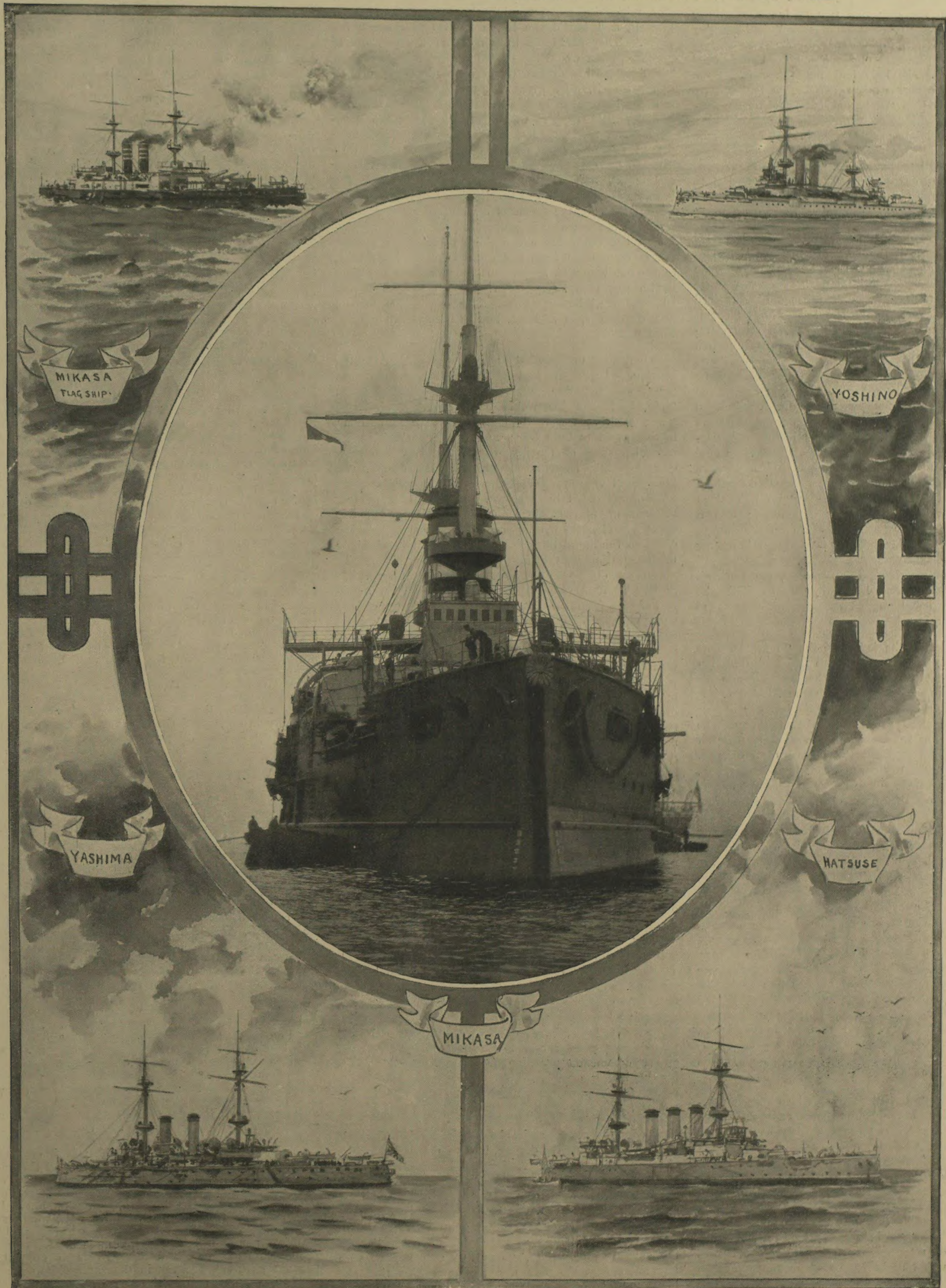


Photo. Weston.

FATE'S IRONICAL TRICK TO THE JAPANESE NAVY: TOGO'S FLAG-SHIP "MIKASA" BURNT AND SUNK JUST AFTER THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE; AND THE THREE SERIOUS LOSSES THE MIKADO'S MARINE SUSTAINED DURING THE WAR.

Togo's battle-ship, the "Mikasa," from which the Admiral directed the operations which annihilated the Russian Navy, was burnt and sunk on September 11. She was built in 1902 by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim. Her tonnage was 15,200, her horse-power 14,500, her speed 18 knots. During the war the Japanese naval losses were comparatively slight. The "Hatsuse," a vessel of 15,000 tons, struck a mine and went down with her 741 men; the "Yoshino," a vessel 4150 tons, shared a like fate; and the "Yashima," of 12,500 tons, was accidentally run down by one of the Japanese ships.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The novelist, who timidly copies human nature, must often watch with despair the erratic conduct of his teacher. He dare not relate in novels one-half the things that human nature does; most of them would be repelled with scorn by the critics as improbable, if not indelicate. Would it ever have occurred to him to make his heroine commit suicide in order to advertise a work of fiction that she had in manuscript? This drastic stroke of business has actually been done by a young woman who leaves a name at which the world grows pale. One gathers from her last dying statement that she was a literary novice, unable to get a hearing; but the representative of a publishing firm declares that two of her works have already appeared, that the publishers thought highly of them and of her, and that only the necessity of revising certain passages of her new book had delayed its publication. The lady had not taken amiss the editing of her earlier works: she had a tendency to what is described as "apparent but unconscious blasphemous flippancy." She resolved, however, to strike a blow for independence by taking herself out of the world, with no other object, as far as one can judge, than to coerce her publishers into awestruck submission to the plenary inspiration of her text, and to secure for her third book a more emphatic curiosity than had rewarded the other two.

Curiosity, I suppose, there will be, of a not very wholesome kind. It is the kind of sensation that does homage to a woman who stands her trial for some picturesque crime. Before the trial is over we are sure to hear that the interesting prisoner has received several offers of marriage. The lady who has committed suicide made upon her friends a strong impression of sincerity. There are rare cases in which sincerity is a mistake; and this is one of them. Had she been less sincere, this seeker after fame would have taken poison, but not enough, or affected drowning when a rescue was certain, or hanged herself with the full assurance of being cut down in time. Thus she would have secured the advertisement, and lived to enjoy the fruits. Publishers would have besieged her; her new book, "blasphemous flippancy" and all, would have appeared without moulting a feather; its popularity might have kept thousands of onlookers away from football; and it might have found its way eventually into that enterprising library which includes "East Lynne" among the "great classical works of the English language." As for offers of marriage, they would come from all parts of the world; and lucky diggers at Klondyke would have hurried home with enormous nuggets to lay them at her feet.

We are told that the lady had the "most absolute faith in her mission and revelation," and that her behaviour was "solemnly serious" because she actually dedicated this unpublished book to the Almighty. It is melancholy to think that stuff of this sort will impose upon many credulous people. The best that can be said of this young woman with a mission is that her morbid vanity had attained the dignity of a disease. She was not a Chatterton, neglected and starving; she might have gone on writing novels sufficiently well to figure in the ruck of a season's fiction, which no educated person ever reads. But she broods upon her mission until it becomes a mania, and then makes a dramatic exit from the world to authenticate her "revelation." I say there are soft-hearted persons who will strive to find genius in the lady's writings because of the original motive for her taking off. In the rather extensive temple which celebrates the vanity of authors she deserves a niche, and perpetually burning tapers. But I prefer the authors whose vanity keeps them alive. They are constantly interesting; they break out in new places, and increase the sum of our innocent pleasures. Every man who writes feels that he can contribute something to the common stock. But if one of us, to advertise his next book or his next article, were to take his own life, leaving his publishers or editors to prate about his "solemn seriousness," his colleagues would have reason to complain that he had not played the game.

Give me the wholesome vanity of the amateur playwright, of which I find a pleasing example in the *Stage Society News*. The Stage Society has done no small service to untried authors, though it may not have greatly enriched the modern drama. But it has bitterly offended a gentleman who submitted two plays which were not immediately accepted and put in rehearsal. He demanded them back, hinted at "coterie influences"—that enemy of honest merit—and said he had "no help but my brains." When the plays were returned, he spoke his mind with freedom. He would never have sent in those masterpieces if he had known "how low your Society had fallen." A "petty clique" had done its worst. "Surely the plain speaking of the Press, which

has almost without exception ridiculed the fatuity of your recent productions, should have brought you to a more reasonable way of thinking." What a chance had been missed! Here were two plays which would have redeemed the Society from odium; and what had happened to them? But the author had no interested motives. "I write, not on my own account (having had, as I have said, always a perfectly just appreciation of the uselessness of such societies as yours for the encouragement of strong or competent work), but in the interests of the Stage." He thinks not of himself: "It is the cause, my soul"; it is the welfare of the Stage that inspires him.

How much more impressive is this simple comedy than the tragedy of that young woman with a mission! The rejected dramatist might have made away with himself, and forced the Stage Society to produce his plays. They could not have refused; the pressure of public opinion would have been too great. When an artist stakes his or her credit on a piece of work by dying for it, the great heart of the people has a natural impulse to believe that death has transmuted mediocrity to genius, and dross to pure gold. The Stage Society would have presented those plays; and the great heart would have throbbed with sympathy; and the morning paper with the largest circulation, and an intimate acquaintance with the "great classical works in the English language," would have sighed for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still. But the amateur playwright has nobly renounced these posthumous glories. He is content to have a high opinion of his merits, and to cultivate it by keeping body and soul in excellent health and company. "Give up your snobbish and silly attitude," he says to the Stage Society, "and you may do decent, or at least, less avowedly contemptible work yet."

There is no morbid note in that. Ask the amateur playwright if continual rejection has ever turned his thoughts to suicide, and he will answer: "No, Sir! Suicide would be a craven flight from the snobbishness and silliness of petty cliques. I am in this world to fight 'em; and until I leave it in the natural course of destiny, they shall never have a quiet hour!" There is something in the drama, you see, that invigorates the soul, even when your dramas are not acted. I have known a considerable number of amateur playwrights who have all exhibited this tenacity. Novel-writing apparently has a relaxing effect on the moral fibre. The novelist is not sustained by indignation at the fatuity of other novelists. To abuse an obdurate publisher is not nearly so exhilarating as abuse of a theatrical coterie or an actor-manager. You can go to a theatre and see the actor playing stuff you know to be fatuous, when he ought to be standing in the shoes of your dramatic hero. As you behold this perversity, every vein tingles with the will to live. I should strongly urge parents, whose daughters show a disposition towards the blackening of foolscap, to impress upon them that the drama is more worthy of their ambition than the novel. The drama will keep them lively and combative, whereas the novel may throw them into a despondency which will require constant watchfulness to intercept the laudanum.

A London magistrate lately remitted the penalty for child-desertion in the case of a young woman who had an eligible suitor. She was bidden to choose between matrimony and the gaol. The man who came forward to befriend her she had known for some time, and there is no reason to suppose that as her appointed husband he is a shock to her feelings. But some vials of wrath are poured on the magistrate's head. He is represented as making marriage a form of penal servitude. "Marry or go to quod," says he; it is almost as bad as the old choice between the dagger and the bowl. To sustain this view one gentleman writes that he has tried marriage for six years, and would gladly exchange it for the convict's joyous lot. He has his remedy: a neat bit of forgery will land him in Portland Prison for seven years at least, quite enough to heal the old wounds and give a zest to his new career. Another citizen commends the magistrate, and hopes this is the beginning of marriage by coercion. Silly sentiment, he declares, threatens to be the ruin of the country.

Oh for those stern and splendid times when damsels of high degree, or any degree, had to marry the suitors chosen by their papas! And yet, if I remember rightly (or do the old romances deceive?), love laughed at the locksmiths employed to keep the rebellious fair in durance vile; and quite a large sprinkling of young Lochinvars carried off the other gentlemen's brides at the very altar. "Any average young woman," says our coercive philosopher, "can live very happily with any average young man if only she realises that she has got to." Ah! And what bold man—what Draco or Lycurgus—will bring that reality home to the maidens of our day?

THE FRENCH PEASANT AND PEACE.

BY PARISIAN.

There was no corner of the world where they watched with more anxious interest the negotiations of peace than in Paris. Think of what was at stake, and then wonder that M. Rouvier's brow had an extra wrinkle in it! There was not only that immense sum, twice the war indemnity paid by France to Germany, in the balance, but the very existence of the Republic itself. That Republic has stood thirty-four years; it would not stand thirty-four hours if there were a severe panic on the Stock Exchange as the result of a general disquietude as to the position of Russia. A merciful Providence has come to the aid of France and saved the country from a crisis compared with which L'Affaire Dreyfus and the Panama scandal would pale into insignificance.

On a certain Black Saturday at the opening of the war, more than a year and a-half ago, stock fell suddenly and swiftly, in some cases as much as twenty points. It meant that the market had realised for the first time that the pleasant illusions that there would be no war were not justified. It was face to face with the ugly fact that there was war—in spite of the optimism of the Quai d'Orsay. M. Rouvier, then Minister of Finance, was much perturbed at these symptoms of financial ill-health. He hurried to the Bourse and called a meeting of the stockbrokers. As the result, a convention was drawn up: there was to be no speculation on the Russian market. When anyone wanted to open a bear account he must show his bonds before the *agent de change* could operate for him. That put an instant stop to market fluctuations, because it was to nobody's interest to sell. It has had the great effect of restoring the confidence of the country and of keeping it firm upon its Republican legs. It has really done a good turn to the thrifty peasant, safeguarding his *bas de laine*; at the same time it has worked financial miracles for the Grand Ally. Who supposed, for instance, that, with its military prestige lowered and always on the brink of a revolution, Russia could again dive into the pockets of the confiding Jacques Bonhomme? Yet it has been done, and in the midst of a disastrous campaign.

This system of artificial respiration is admirable enough whilst the diver remains in close contact with the jar of oxygen; but the day may come when a great wave snaps the connection, and then all is lost. It was precisely this situation that was to be feared during the continuance of the Far Eastern war. It was for this reason that the head of the Minister of Finance lay heavy. Assume that after the total destruction of Rozhdestvensky's fleet in the Japan Sea, the regulations had been evaded in some way, and a million francs' worth of Russian Rentes had been flung upon the market: can you not picture the scene that would have followed, especially in a country like France, where public opinion is quick to take fire? It was a great risk to take, but the Government took it, thereby supporting Russian credit in the markets of the world. She who coaled and victualled Rozhdestvensky's ships in Madagascar and Cochin China, was equally helpful in propping up the ally's money-bags at home.

You can hardly overestimate the relief that peace has caused in Paris, but, singularly enough, there is no change in the attitude of the *petit rentier*. He has not grace in his heart to thank his gods for their protection of him; indeed, he has never realised how he has been protected. He has seen the practically unchanging figures of his stock and he has rested content, more especially as his coupons have been paid without demur. One factor has largely contributed to the result—the cheapness of money in France. Capital is so plentiful, indeed, that banks have the greatest difficulty in employing their balances. The usual price for money is one-half per cent., and this congested state of the market has prevailed for a year or more. It is little to be wondered at, therefore, that the peasant lets himself be tempted by what he regards as a sure four or five per cent. From his point of view he is quite right. That, however, does not lessen the responsibility of the persons who held out the sure and certain hope of dividend when, if things had taken their normal course, a crash was the only thing one could have safely predicted.

It is known that the market was supported by a strong syndicate, which bought to the order of the Russian Government. It is said that a large sum of money was devoted to that purpose, and, seeing that the price rose seven points on the day that peace was known, it was a very fortunate speculation. In its dealings with the public, the syndicate, or rather the great bank that acted for it, showed the wisdom of the serpent, if not the harmlessness of the dove. It was in the country that it found its readiest market. I was the witness of a little scene at a rural branch of a great Paris establishment. A peasant woman, evidently in a state of nervousness, entered. I heard her half-whispered instructions to the clerk to sell her little holding of "Russians." The manager is apprised. He is a suave and insinuating gentleman. He takes the client on one side. You hear their muttered colloquy. The financier's face radiates confidence. His mutton-chop whiskers seem to speak of solidity and commercial uprightness. You see the effect of it in the action of the woman. She had come to sell; she remains to buy more.

No one knows the extent of the wealth of France. It is not a country of great fortunes, but of the widest distribution of money. The *garçon* of the café, the *cocher* of your cab, the servant who waits upon you in your own house, will very likely have £1000 or £1500 put by for the rainy day; whereas the same class of person in England, earning probably a third more, will live from moment to moment. Ministries may come and Ministries may go, but the peasant goes on for ever in the same old way, accumulating capital. The *petite bourgeoisie*, the rank above the peasant, have their notions of politics and their theories on the peace, but the tiller of the soil is a mute and inglorious politician.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE PRODIGAL SON," AT DRURY LANE.

Hearty congratulations to both Mr. Arthur Collins as producer of the play and Mr. Hall Caine as its author should be the first note struck in any appreciation of the Drury Lane stage-version of "The Prodigal Son." It is melodrama, of course—what else could be expected in the home of spectacular realism?—but it is melodrama miles in advance of the average sort of piece presented recently at the "National" Theatre; it is melodrama exalted very nearly to the level of fine art. There is such a marked advance in dialogue, in what the sensation-mongers call "heart interest," in scenic restraint also, and in general consecutiveness of story. In truth, if the whole play, from a pictorial and theatrical point of view, were as good as its first act, then Mr. Caine in his adaptation of his famous novel might have been credited with having created a veritable revolution in popular drama. The atmosphere of primitive, simple outdoor life is as happily expressed by playwright as by scenic artists in the opening Icelandic tableau, with its quaintly dressed peasants, its ponies and grazing sheep, its general air of rustic peace and jollity; and the whole of the early section of the drama which shows the young son robbing his brother of his bride and putting on him all the odium of a seeming rejection has a pleasant patriarchal, not to say Biblical, charm. But Mr. Caine is one of those sensationalists who must go from climax to climax of emotion and must strike twelve o'clock every hour. The consequence is that he seems to begin a fresh play with each of his four acts, and his inspiration flags with each new effort, more particularly when he quits the pretty local colour of Iceland for the glaring flamboyance of a Riviera Casino. Moreover, at the close of his story, Mr. Caine, to please the sentimentalists, has abandoned that rather striking idea of his that for some returned prodigals there are sins past redemption, which gave his novel a certain distinction. Still, episodic as is his play, conventional as is its finish, "The Prodigal Son," can boast so much beauty and simplicity of setting, so poignant an emotional appeal, and such admirable acting from Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Frank Cooper as the younger and elder brothers, from Miss Lily Hall Caine as the prodigal's wife and daughter, and Mrs. John Wood as a delightfully humorous and eccentric aunt, and from Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Mary Rorke in elderly rôles, that it should be missed by nobody who desires a new and agreeable sensation in the playhouse.

"ON THE LOVE-PATH," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Another new play which hardly quite fulfils the promise of a most fascinating first act and yet is so breezily fantastic and is so brilliantly interpreted that you can readily forgive its failings, is "On the Love-Path," the latest Haymarket piece, the work of that versatile author, Mr. C. M. S. McLellan, who has won success in such different fields as musical comedy, with "The Belle of New York," and thoughtful melodrama, such as "Leah Kleschna." Very bright and unconventional is the start of this little comedy with its picture of the light-hearted, irresponsible boy-flirt who loves and fresh loves every day, and being saved from drowning by one of three girls of a family, proposes to each, in turn, till he blunders on sweet Charity Concannon, who proceeds to instruct him in the most delicious game in the world—honesty. But then, alas! Mr. McLellan allows his gay fancy to be clouded with melodramatic gloom, produced by such ghastly things as breach of promise, blackmail, divorced husbands, and the like. Happily, the piece was so perfectly acted by Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, as the alternately lively and gloomy youngster "on the love-path"; by Miss Ellis Jeffreys, piquant and irresistible once again as Charity; by Mr. Arthur Williams, very droll as a tinned-beef millionaire who reads Kant and Herbert Spencer; and by Miss Jessie Bateman, Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, Mr. A. E. Matthews, and Mr. Eric Lewis, all cast for rather shadowy parts, that the heaviness of its later scenes could be almost overlooked.

"DR. WAKE'S PATIENT," AT THE ADELPHI.

A little comedy of caste and a comedy of the type of Robertson's "Caste" too, reassuring sentimental playgoers of the profound truth of Tennyson's wonderful discovery that kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood, such Messrs. Gayer Mackay and "Robert Ord's" new play turned out to be at the Adelphi, despite the suggestion of medical mystery in its title, "Dr. Wake's Patient." For Dr. Wake and his pretty patient were youthful lovers, and the course of their love ran with pleasing unsmoothness, because their social origins were strangely different. Yet, though the actor-authors of this piece adhere to old-fashioned lines, handle class distinction in an exaggerated stagey fashion, and draw a needlessly sharp contrast between the aristocratic parents of Lady Gerania and the homely farmer-folk from whom her doctor-lover is sprung, it is certainly not a play to be sneered at, for its artificiality is redeemed by engaging sketches of eccentric character, a constant stream of genial humour, and a certain radiant freshness of sentiment. The real play, it must be admitted, only begins at almost the close of the third of its four acts, when the old farmer rounds (in true Adelphi fashion) on the scornful peer who is horrified by his "common"-ness. But then come tears and affecting if rather forced drama, and with Miss Lilian Braithwaite an exquisitely girlish and dainty heroine, Mr. Hallard a manly if unprofessional physician, and Mr. Rock and Mrs. E. H. Brooke, both very touching as the rustic Darby and Joan, the unsophisticated story could not fail in its appeal.

MUSIC.

PROMENADE CONCERTS: LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. Wood continues to claim the almost undivided allegiance of London's concert-goers, though the full season cannot be long delayed when concerts will be as the sands upon the seashore for multitude. Moreover, preparations for autumn opera at Covent Garden are in full swing, and it is clear that the town will soon be musical from end to end. For the moment the Queen's Hall Orchestra is supposed to be appealing to an audience that likes popular music, and it says much for the development of London's musical taste that Mr. Wood can include in his programme a work of such subtle merit as the "Sinfonia Domestica" of Richard Strauss. Wagner, Tchaikowsky, and Beethoven remain in special favour, and their interpretation leaves all listeners satisfied. The Queen's Hall Orchestra responds to its conductor in manner that impresses upon the audience the need for closest attention, and the fact that it is possible to enjoy the luxury of smoking does not seem to detract in any way from the dignity of the performance.

The London Symphony Orchestra has published the programme of its London arrangements. Dr. Richter is to preside at four evening concerts between November and March, and spread over the same period there will be afternoon concerts, at which Arthur Nikisch, Fritz Steinbach, Sir Charles Stanford, Wassili Safonoff, and Ernst von Schuch will wield the bâton.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

Speculation about the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, signed on Aug. 12 by Lord Lansdowne and Baron Hayashi and still unpublished, is still rife upon the Continent. In Russia there has been a loud outcry against the Treaty, which is declared to include the greater part of Persia in the territory which the high contracting parties undertake to hold inviolate. If this rumour prove justified, Russian developments in the Persian Gulf and in the great centres of the Shah's neglected kingdom must henceforward be entirely commercial. While reactionary organs like the *Novoe Vremya* protest loudly against an agreement that threatens to hold Russia helpless in the Middle East, more liberal organs applaud it. They point out how dearly their country has been forced to pay for its policy of adventure in Manchuria, and say that it is time for Russia to return to Europe and take up the more honourable burdens she set aside at the bidding of M. Bezobrazoff and Admiral Alexieff. Outside Russia the publication of the agreement is awaited with no little anxiety. It is clear that Great Britain's position in Europe will be very considerably strengthened by the agreement if it should leave her free to withdraw permanently the bulk of her fleet from Far Eastern waters, and at the same time enable her to rely upon Japanese assistance in case the integrity of Persia or India is threatened. At the same time it is recognised that an agreement following the lines suggested would be a very powerful factor in the maintenance of the world's peace.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

KING EDWARD'S RETURN.

The King returned on Saturday last from Marienbad, where he has derived great benefit from the cure. Dr. Ott, the physician in attendance, was enabled to state at the conclusion of the royal visit that King Edward has lost the proper amount of weight, and that the treatment has fulfilled all expectations. His Majesty stayed at Buckingham Palace until Monday afternoon, and is now paying a visit to Rufford Abbey, Notts, as guest of Lord and Lady Savile. He will leave for Edinburgh at the end of the week to inspect the Scottish Volunteers, and the northern capital will be en fête for the occasion. His Majesty will then proceed to the Highlands, where several deer drives will be organised in the great forests that have witnessed so much of his skill with the rifle. These drives are generally arranged to wind up the season, after stalking has brought some of the best heads to the rifle.

THE QUEEN IN DENMARK.

Queen Alexandra left England on Sept. 7 on board the royal yacht, and is now staying at Copenhagen. The Channel Squadron has visited Denmark, and her Majesty was present at a ball given by the British Minister, the Hon. Alan Johnstone, to mark the conclusion of the festivities in honour of the visit of the British Fleet. Queen Alexandra



The View and Photograph Supply Company.
THE AMERICANISATION OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON: HARVARD HOUSE, PURCHASED BY A CHICAGO MEAT-PACKER.

Mr. Nelson Morris, meat-packer of Chicago, has bought, through the agency of Miss Marie Corvelli, Harvard House, Stratford-on-Avon. It is understood that he means to turn it into a club for American tourists.

was recorded the King was at Monteleone, where he told the local authorities to lose no time in receiving him, but to hurry on with relief works. Attended by Signor Ferraris, Minister of Public Works, the King then proceeded to San Onofrio, Forgiano, and other places that have been wrecked, and his sympathy with the sufferers did much to alleviate their distress. All Italy is stirred by the news of the catastrophe, and the leading newspapers are opening subscription lists for the sufferers. In many parts of Calabria and Sicily the terror-stricken peasants have left their homes and are sleeping in the fields. Whole villages are destroyed, and the damage to the railways is very considerable. It is long since Italy has suffered such a severe visitation.

The spread of Russia's troubles into the Caucasus has been attended with great destruction of life and devastation of property, and the town of Baku has been the storm-centre. This semi-Asiatic city, known by reason of its wealth and cosmopolitan gathering as the Johannesburg of Russia, has long been a hotbed of disaffection. The Tartars and Armenians who work there have been at daggers drawn, and apparently the former have had some very distinct grievances on account of the favour shown by the Government to their Christian opponents. The failure of the Russian administration has brought matters to a crisis, and at the time of writing, the Tartars, who have broken out into open insurrection, are said to be masters of the situation. They have sacked whole villages inhabited by Armenians, putting even the

THE RIOTS AT BAKU.



Photo. Illustrations Bureau.
THE LAST OF A LONDON CHURCH: ST. MICHAEL'S, BURLEIGH STREET.

St. Michael's Church, in Burleigh Street, has seen its last service. It was erected about the year 1833 by James Savage, the celebrated architect, on land granted by the Duke of Bedford to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and was created a perpetual curacy in 1848 by order of the Privy Council. The disestablishment of St. Michael's, which has long ceased to be attended adequately, will provide a new church for the suburbs. The value of the site is estimated at £18,000.

was accompanied by Princess Victoria, King George of Greece, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and Prince and Princess Charles. The visits of her Majesty and of the Channel Squadron have roused remarkable enthusiasm throughout Denmark, an enthusiasm commented upon in somewhat unfavourable fashion by certain organs of the Continental Press.

THE ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE.

Calabria has been visited by a terrible earthquake that has worked considerable havoc in Messina, Syracuse, and Catania as well. The shock was felt as far away as Rome, where the public clocks stopped at the moment of the earthquake. From Cosenza to Palermo, and over the whole eastern coast of Sicily, there were repeated shocks, and throughout the affected district there is a condition of panic and distress. At present the total loss of life cannot be estimated, but it is very heavy. Three hundred are dead at Pargheli, two hundred at Joppio, and at Marterano more than two thousand have been killed or injured. Railway and telegraphic communication is suspended, and troops, together with engineers and doctors, have been sent to the stricken districts to give what help they may to sufferers. The poverty and ignorance of the people will make rescue work very difficult. True to the Savoy tradition, King Victor Emmanuel at once gave one hundred thousand lire to be distributed among the sufferers, left Racconigi, where he was staying, and proceeded to Calabria by special train. Within three days after the first shock



Photo. Illustrations Bureau.
UNVEILING THE STATUE TO GENERAL BULLER AT EXETER.

Despite all hostile criticism, General Buller keeps his place in the affections of many thousands of his countrymen who consider that he was not fairly treated in the South African War. The unveiling of a statue to the General in the city of Exeter was the occasion of a considerable gathering and a strong expression of faith in a soldier who, despite occasional indiscretions, deserves well of his country.

women and children to the sword; it is said they are flying the green flag of Islam, and have proclaimed a Holy War. While these last statements must be received with great caution, it is, unfortunately, too true that,

even before the Russian forces arrived in the district to restore order, the bloodshed had been very serious. British interests in Baku are important, their value in the famous oil-fields of Bibi-Eibat being set down at eight million pounds, and great anxiety has been felt for the workers in the various companies. Mr. Urquhart, the British Vice-Consul for the district, has been successful in saving the lives of some Englishmen held up by the rioters in Balakhany, and down to the present no loss of life among the English colony at Baku has been recorded. It is stated upon authority that three thousand out of a total of three thousand six hundred wells have been badly damaged, and that work on the oil-fields will be delayed for about a year. The loss in money is estimated at about four millions, and the Tartar insurgents are still fighting desperately against the Russian soldiers.

PEACE RIOTS IN TOKIO.

Tokio received the peace news very badly. The Opposition papers were bitter in their denunciation of the Government, and it was suggested that Baron Komura and his associates should commit *hara-kiri*. Public meetings were arranged to protest against the Treaty of Portsmouth, and the police closed the Hibiya Park to the demonstration. Thereupon the mob became violent, burnt the official residence of the Minister of the Interior, and threatened the houses of Count Katsura, the Premier, and Baron Komura. Many police stations

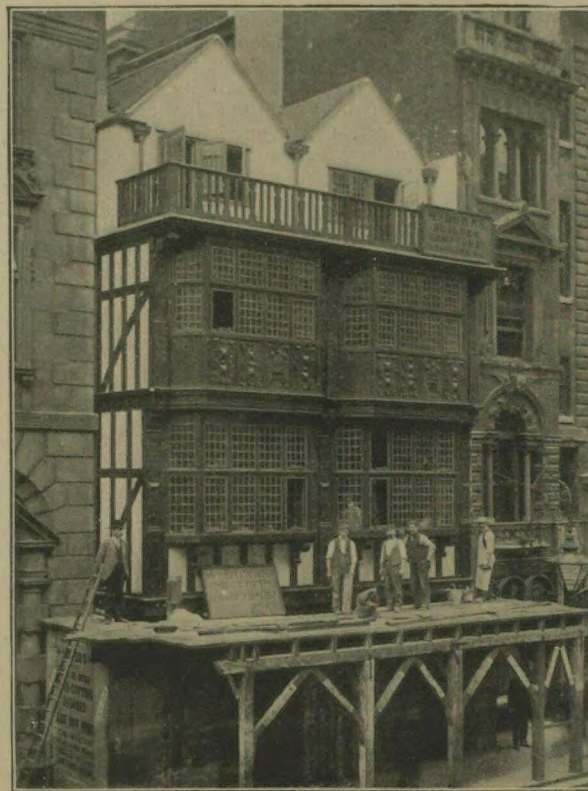


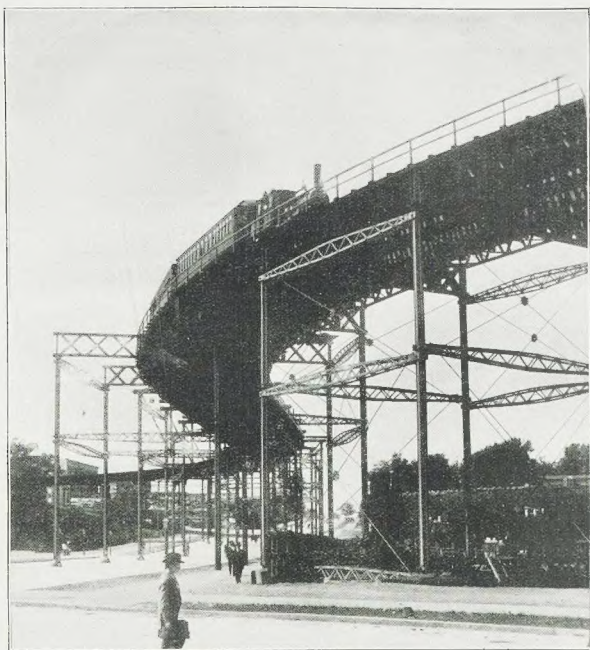
Photo. Illustrations Bureau.
THE RESTORATION OF THE SO-CALLED CARDINAL WOLSEY'S PALACE IN FLEET STREET.

"Cardinal Wolsey's Palace" in Fleet Street has been so well restored that one has a certain measure of regret in setting down the hard but well-established fact that the house in question never was a palace of the great Cardinal. None the less it is a well-looking building enough, and the pleasant fiction associated with it doubtless makes Fleet Street the more attractive to cousins from the country and across the Atlantic.

were destroyed, and the authorities were obliged to call out the Imperial Guard in order to disperse the mob. Telegraphic censorship was established, and news of the disturbance was not sent to Europe, but we have learned since that on the first day of the outbreak at least four people were killed and 500 wounded. Down to the time of the rioting the Government had not published the peace terms, but publication was then made in order to restore tranquillity. It was announced that Japan has not bound herself not to fortify La Perouse Strait, which lies between Yezo and Sakhalien; that the Japanese are to have a free hand in Korea, together with the cession of the Manchurian railway as far as Changchun, and the Yentai and Fushun collieries. The effect of the news upon the public was excellent, and the rioting has ceased. At the same time the Government is expected to fall, and Viscount Yoshikawa, Minister of the Interior, has tendered his resignation to the Mikado. Several newspapers have been suspended for their attitude towards the rioters, and the chief society of barristers has decided to make a free defence of the many hundreds who have been summoned for promoting a breach of the peace.

TRAIN WRECK IN NEW YORK.

On Monday morning last a train-wreck, attended with great loss of life, occurred on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad. As a train was proceeding along the Ninth Avenue line, packed with passengers on their way to business, the points closed suddenly at a junction, and the second car, breaking away from its leader, landed on end in



THE ELEVATED RAILWAY PASSING OVER HIGH STREET AT AN ALTITUDE OF SIXTY FEET.



THE ELEVATED RAILWAY IN THE GREAT SHOPPING DISTRICT OF NEW YORK, 6TH AVENUE.

THE FALL OF A TRAIN INTO A NEW YORK STREET: THE DISASTER ON THE ELEVATED RAILWAY.

STEREOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

Shortly after ten o'clock on the morning of September 11, a train on the New York Elevated Railway left the rails. The first carriage dashed into the second story of a lodging-house, and remained caught between the stonework of the house and the railway track. The second carriage crashed into the street fifty feet below. Twelve persons were killed and thirty-three injured. The Elevated Railway, which is being gradually superseded by tubes, is built upon steel pillars and runs through the streets at various altitudes, sometimes on a level of the second story windows, but more usually above the house-tops.



THE SUBMARINE THAT MR. ROOSEVELT NAVIGATED: THE "PLUNGER" PERFORMING EVOLUTIONS BEFORE THE PRESIDENT.

STEREOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

On August 26, the day after Mr. Roosevelt made his adventurous voyage in the "Plunger," in which he went to the bottom of Oyster Bay, the vessel was exhibited before the President and a party from the "Sylph."

the street below, a fall of thirty feet. The framework of the car was wrecked, and the passengers were buried in the debris. Twelve people were killed, and about forty were injured. The third car was thrown off the metals, but the passengers escaped with bruises. The Manhattan elevated trains are run by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, and the accident is the worst in the history of elevated railroads. Before Monday last no carriage had been known to fall into the street. At the time of writing the origin of the accident is not clear, but the switch-man and three conductors employed on the train have been arrested. It is stated that the dangerous character of the curve at which the accident took place has been known to the company for some time, and that they have delayed the banking-work which was necessary.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

Students of politics will observe with pleasure that the relations between France and Germany show a tendency to improve. Dr. Rosen and M. Révoil are meeting to discuss the question to be raised at the International Conference that will meet shortly to decide the fate of Morocco, and it is believed that Dr. Rosen's attitude is distinctly conciliatory. While it must be admitted that the relations between Paris and Berlin have been severely strained in the past few months, there is no reason why a wise and discriminating statescraft should not bring both countries into accord. The Kaiser has spoken lately in very sincere fashion about the horrors of war and the blessings of peace; his utterances

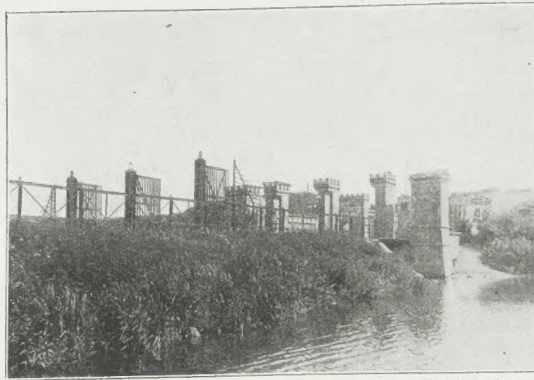


Photo. Hulton, Transp.

DEMOLISHING THE FORTRESS AT SPANDAU.

Spandau has been best known as the place where the German gold reserve was held in readiness for a crisis. The modern tendency of soldiers is to rely less than ever upon fortresses, and Spandau, having served its time, is now being demolished. Doubtless many staunch advocates of universal peace will find a good omen in the demolition.

As late as Sept. 8 telegrams from Simla announced the beginning of wholesale emigration from Rajputana, and a Government grant for the formation of fodder depôts to assist the southward movement of cattle. Throughout the greater part of the district and in the Southern Punjab the prospects were very bad, and the menace of famine and plague was bringing grave anxiety to our

later came the welcome news that abundant rain had fallen throughout the entire area affected by the drought, and the indications of continued downfall were stated to be very favourable. This timely rain will not only serve to check the dangerous emigration, it will enable autumn crops to be sown, and very possibly avert the disasters that threatened to involve a very large area. Incidentally, the rain should enable the Prince of Wales to make the complete tour originally outlined. It was feared that the drought would render a considerable curtailment of the original itinerary inevitable.

THE CRISIS IN SCANDINAVIA.

There is grave reason to fear that the progress of negotiations between Sweden and Norway has been seriously interrupted, and that relations between the two countries are now more strained than ever. The Karlstad meeting, that was to make the inevitable changes peaceably, came to a temporary close last Friday night, when the plenipotentiaries returned to Stockholm and Christiania. It is alleged that Sweden demands the dismantling of Norway's frontier fortresses, including those of Fredrikstad and Kongsvinger, which may be said to be the keys of Christiania.

Indeed, Kongsvinger is about twenty miles from the frontier and dominates a railway-junction about two hours' journey from the Norwegian capital. If it be true that negotiations have stopped on account of these demands, public sympathy in this country will go out to Norway, and, rather than allow Scandinavia to be involved in a civil war, it will be the duty of our Foreign



TYPES OF THE RIOTERS AT BAKU: TARTAR INCENDIARIES.

The trouble at Baku dates from the Governorship of Prince Galitsin, who originated the idea of setting the Tartars to police the Armenians. The results of his policy are now before us in the horrible massacres, devastated towns, and the destruction of a great industry representing millions of capital, and one of the great factors in South Russian prosperity. Much of the oil-well stock is held in England.

encourage a hope that the somewhat aggressive foreign policy of the Wilhelmstrasse is to be toned down. Neither country desires a continuance of bad relations; indeed, Germany, with her campaign in South-West Africa and her home problems that press for a solution, is not less anxious for peace than France. If the vexed questions of Morocco can be settled satisfactorily, there should be no further friction between the two Powers.

RUSSIA'S HOME TROUBLES.

It was well that the Portsmouth Conference resulted in peace, for the internal condition of Russia is calculated to baffle the ablest administrators. Riot and sedition are so widespread that they cease to attract attention where no other than Russian interests are involved. It is admitted that a vast area of European Russia is threatened with famine, and the State machinery for dealing with the trouble is totally inadequate. In many of the famine-stricken districts the peasantry are in arms against the local nobility, and scenes that recall the worst period of the French Revolution are of daily occurrence. The Government relies upon martial law in towns where the revolutionary propaganda has most influence, and is trying to meet the failure of crops with doles of corn. To add to the troubles of the unhappy Empire, there is some danger of an outbreak of cholera. It is said that the Government is not prepared to bring the soldiers of the Manchurian army back to Russia, and that a very considerable number will be kept in Asia.

RAIN IN INDIA.

In a week that records so much trouble and disaster abroad there is one item of news that will be received with universal delight. The drought in India has broken,

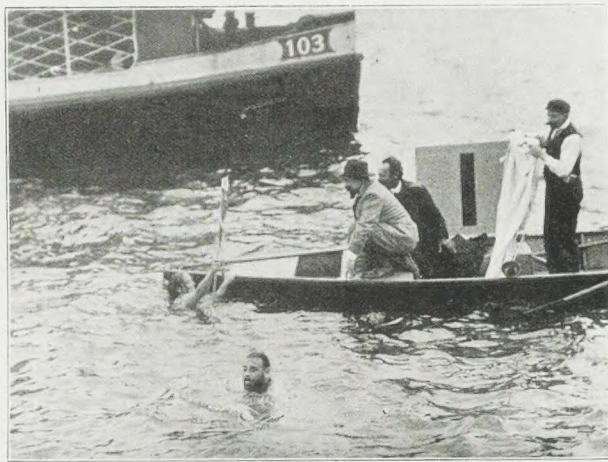


Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

SWIMMING THROUGH PARIS: MISS KELLERMAN AND BURGESS AT THE WINNING-POST.

The waters of the Seine in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris are not very tempting to swimmers. In the infinite variety of their contents they compete boldly with the Thames between Greenwich and Hammersmith. But Miss Kellerman and Burgess, who were the victors in the race from Joinville le Pont to Auteuil last week, faced the Seine with great daring, and were held worthy the enthusiasm of a considerable crowd.

Office to intimate a very definite attitude of mind to the Cabinet at Stockholm. Other Powers are watching the rupture between Norway and Sweden very closely, and are quite prepared to take a hand in the settlement if Great Britain makes no sign. The Hague Tribunal might find useful employment in this case.

THE CHOLERA.

It is our unpleasant duty to note that cholera has broken out in Germany, and has spread into Russia. At the moment the outbreak, which is apparently confined to the neighbourhood of the Vistula, seems likely to respond to the sanitary precautions taken by the German Government, but in these days of rapid communication between country and country and extensive facilities for travel by land and sea it must remain bad tidings that the cholera has established itself in the neighbourhood of Western Europe. Nearly two hundred cases are reported from Germany, and the death-rate seems likely to work out at about one in three. It is to be feared that an outbreak in Russia would be very virulent, for the sanitary precautions are worth little at the best of times, and in many districts the people are quite unfit to withstand the attack of any epidemic. The failure of crops, so largely consequent upon the removal of agriculturalists to the ranks of the army in Manchuria, has reduced the standard of vitality, which is never very high. Warnings have been issued to seaport towns by our own Local Government Board, and strict precautions are being taken on the Thames. There is no reason to fear that the dreaded disease will reach our shores; indeed, the Officers of the Port of London, headed by Dr. Collingridge, have shown before to-day that they are capable of dealing with a crisis of the kind in a very effective fashion.

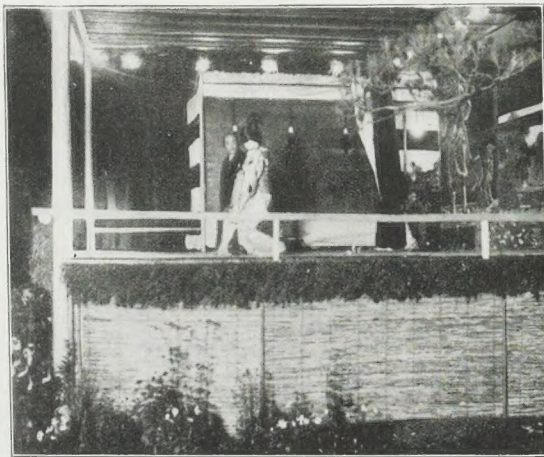


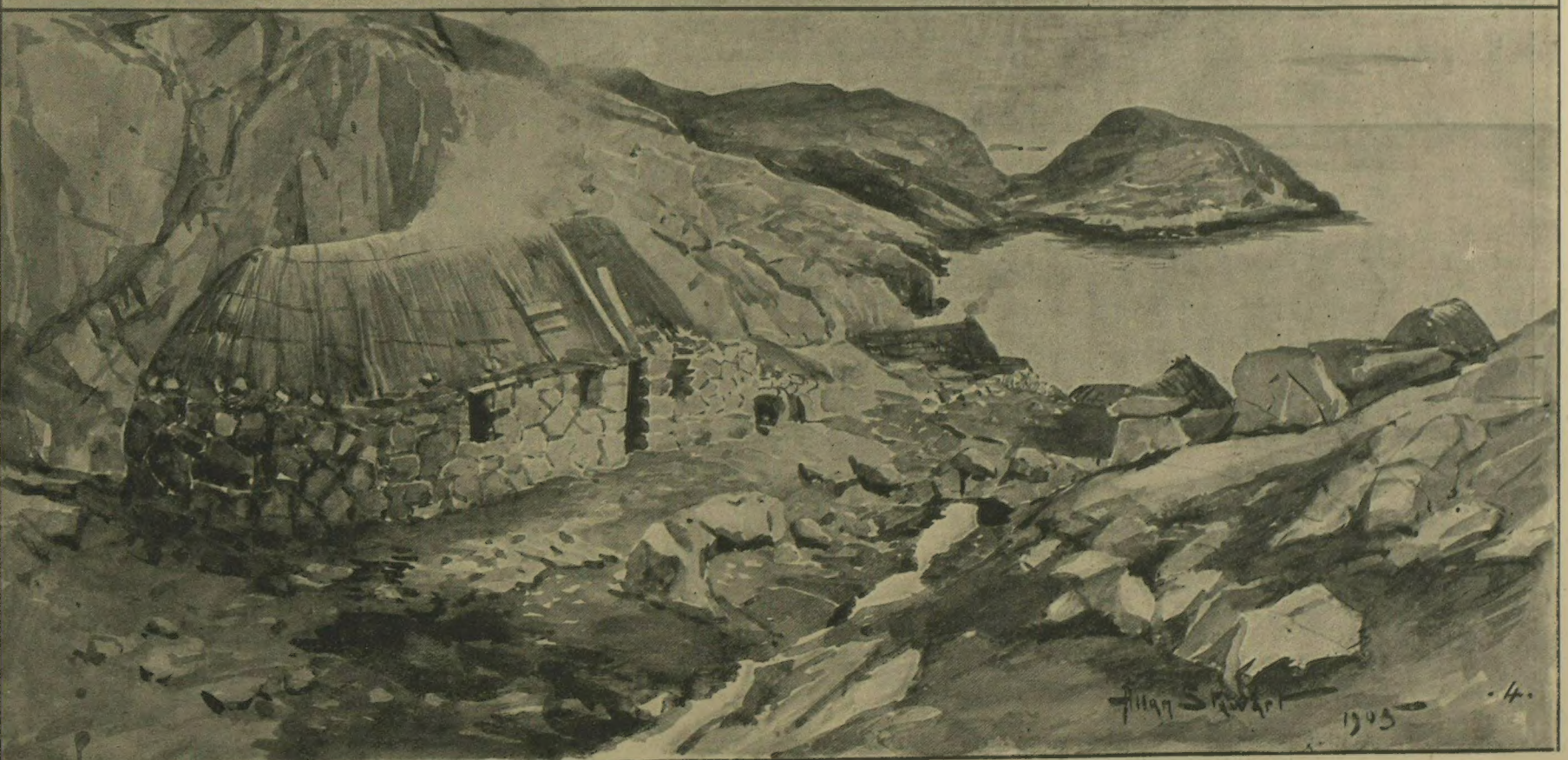
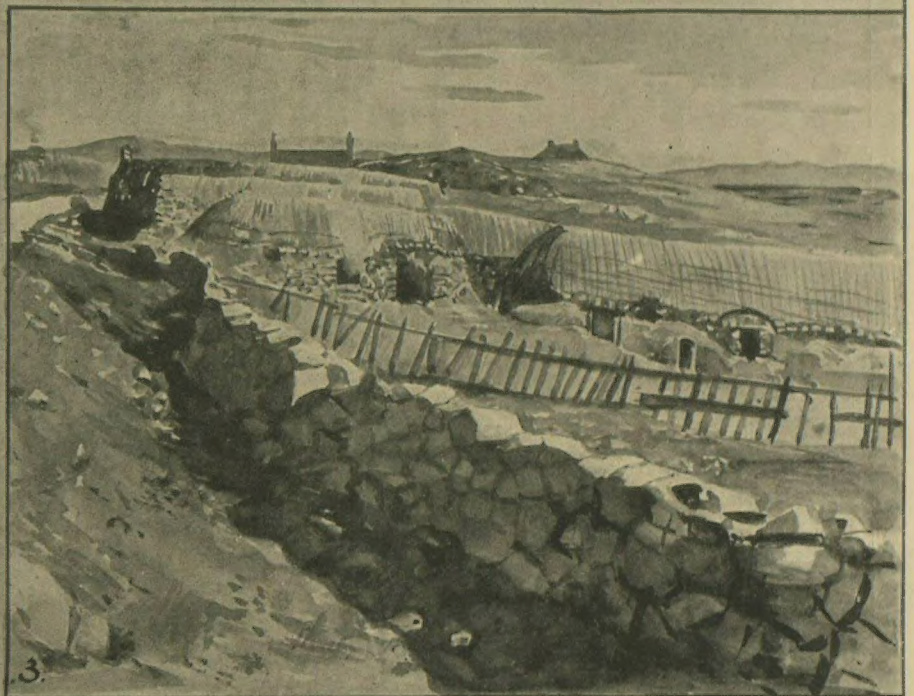
Photo. Underwood.

A JAPANESE THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE BEFORE MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT AT THE MAPLES CLUB, TOKIO.

If ladies were eligible for the Presidency of the United States, Miss Alice Roosevelt's experiences would surely make her a dangerous competitor for the post. She has travelled very considerably, and has received the honour of an offer of marriage from the ruler of the State of Sulu. Our illustration shows a Japanese theatrical performance given before her and Mr. Taft's party at the Maples Club in Tokio. Miss Roosevelt has been travelling with Mr. Taft, the U.S. Secretary for War, and his party.

THE INSANITARY HEBRIDES: THE DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF THE LEWS.

DRAWINGS BY ALLAN STEWART FROM ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE MEDICAL INSPECTOR'S REPORT.



1. HOW THE DRAINAGE OF ONE CROFT FALLS INTO THE LAND OF ANOTHER: HOUSES ON A HILLSIDE IN BRAGOR, PARISH OF BARVAS.
3. CATCHING THE SURFACE DRAINAGE OF A ROAD: HOVELS BUILT ON A SLOPE AND ON THE LOW SIDE OF THE ROAD AT LUREBOST, PARISH OF LOCHS.

2. A MANURE-HEAP AT THE DOOR: A PAUPER'S HOUSE IN BRAGOR, PARISH OF BARVAS.
4. A DEATH-TRAP OF DISEASE: HOUSES CONTAMINATED BY A STREAM (USED FOR DRINKING AND WASHING) FLOWING PAST TYPHOID-INFECTED DWELLINGS FURTHER UP.

An almost incredible state of insanitation has been revealed during the Medical Officer's inspection of dwellings in the Island of Lewis. Groups of hovels have been condemned as traps of enteric fever, the situation being such that no proper drainage is possible, while in many cases they intercept the drainage of infected dwellings at a higher level. In some cases the doorways are almost blocked up by heaps of refuse. The byre of one house often adjoins the sleeping-rooms of another, the last being on a lower level, and so receiving liquid manure.

THE SCIENTIFIC EYE ON EARTHQUAKES: RECORDING-STATIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR MILNF, OF THE SEISMOGRAPHIC OBSERVATORY, SHIDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.



WHERE EARTHQUAKES ARE WATCHED: SEISMOGRAPHIC STATIONS IN BOTH HEMISPHERES.

- | | | | | |
|----------------------------|---|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. AT KODAI-KANAL, MADRAS. | 4. THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY
AT EDINBURGH. | 6. AT VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA. | 9. AT IRKUTSK, SIBERIA. | 12. IN BATAVIA. |
| 2. AT TOKIO. | 5. AT ALIPUR, CALCUTTA. | 7. AT PAISLEY. | 10. ON ETNA. | 13. IN SPAIN. |
| 3. IN PERU. | | 8. AT CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND. | 11. AT FRASCATI, NEAR ROME. | 14. AT TORONTO. |

DENISON GIVES A SUPPER.

By LOUIS BECKE.



Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

TOM DENISON, supercargo of the brig *Vision*, was very hard up, when, with a fearful black eye, he stepped on shore at Apia, in Samoa, on New Year's Eve, carrying part of his worldly possessions in a much-worn leather bag; the remainder were in his sea-chest, then being borne before him on the naked shoulders of his trusty native servant-boy, Simi (Jim).

Near the jetty was "Black Tom's," alleged "hotel"—a place as notorious all over the South Seas as "Black Tom" himself. At the doorway Denison met the host—a herculean Galveston nigger, so black that (so some of his enemies said) a piece of blacklead drawn across his face would have made a snow-white mark.

"Hallo, Mas'r Denison, what's de matter with yo' eye?" inquired the negro, as they shook hands.

"Skipper," was his brief reply, "he came out on top this time; so I've left the *Vision* for good now—lost my prestige with the crew, you see, now that the skipper knocked me out in the first round this turn up. Now, Tom, give me a bottle of beer and lend me ten dollars. I mean to spend the New Year with you."

The big nigger gave a rich, fruity laugh.

"All right, Sah; yo' can hab de ten dollars, or fifty if yo' like. Come inside. Fo' de Lord, dat's an awful eye, and yo' nose is a bit twist, too." Then stepping to a door, he smote upon it with his mighty fist.

"Here, Luisa gel, wha' yo' doin' dar, sleepin' like a hog? Here am Mr. Denison. Bring a bottle ob Foster, and den send away to de butcher and get a bit ob steak for Mr. Denison. He been done trip over a ring-bolt on de deck, and black his eye and cut his lip."

Luisa, Black Tom's handsome daughter by a Samoan mother, opened her door, kissed Denison first on his battered nose, and then on each cheek, and flew to the bar for the beer—for nearly every person in Apia, except the Germans there, liked Denison for his gentle ways.

"Tom," said the supercargo, as he set down his glass with a sigh of satisfaction, "I'm stony broke just now, but I shall be flush soon after the New Year—if you will help me. Now, look here. Six months ago, I promised Mason, the skipper of the *Levuka*, Holt, his supercargo, Harry Todd the Recruiter, and Leseman, the German skipper of the *Samoa* (who is a decent Dutchman), that, if we were all in Samoa this Christmas, or at New Year, that I'd stand them a supper, and that you would cook it, and your wife and Luisa would wait. See?"

Black Tom scratched his chin meditatively, shuffled his feet uneasily, and then gazed interestedly at the roof.

"Now, Tom, don't put on that sort of look. I'm going to put money into your pocket—and into mine, if you will do as I wish. If you don't fall in with me, I'll go to Charley the Russian and get him to fix up the banquet. But you are the one man in Samoa who knows just how to cook and lay out a supper in tip-top style."

"Dat's all right 'nuff; but where am de dollars comin' from? I know dat' crowd mighty well. Dey all

"Tom, you *must*, or my good name is ruined. Now, look here, Tom, I'll take you into my confidence. Before New Year's Day I'll be skipper of the *Manaia*, and I'll pay you back every cent I owe you. I've spent a good many hundreds of dollars in your house, Tom, during the past three years."

"Dat's so, dat's so."

"Well, now, look here. I'll help. I've heaps of native friends, and in a few hours you shall have all the poultry you want, sucking-pigs and loads of oranges,

bananas, pine-apples, and all that sort of stuff. All you have to do is to cook and lay out—and perhaps find some of the liquor. Now, I'm off. Never mind the raw beef just now. Back in a couple of hours, Tom. Oh, I have forgotten something very important," and Denison shut his uninjured eye and placed his hand on the negro's arm. "An aunt of mine has died and left me a pile—that's why I'm giving the supper. D'ye tumble?"

Black Tom grinned. "Guess I do. Shall I put it about?"

"Yes, and so will I. Now I'm off."

Ten minutes later he was talking to the editor of the *Samoa Times* in that gentleman's office.

"Oh, I say, Chapman, an aunt of mine has died and left me all her money, and I'm giving a little supper to-night to some old friends. You know them all" (he mentioned their names), "and I thought you would perhaps join us."

"Thanks, I'll come with pleasure. And let me congratulate you. Did the lady leave you much?"

"Every cent."

"Must I say nothing about it in to-morrow's issue?"

Denison put on a diffident air. "Oh, I don't know. I don't want to swagger about the beach because I've come into money, you know. But perhaps you might just say something about it, and that I have left the *Vision*, and am giving a supper to some friends—no gush, you know. And you might add that I mean to stay in Samoa—I can't go to Australia and lead a life of idleness; it would simply kill me."

Chapman said that Denison was the kind of man who was wanted in Samoa. Then he ventured to inquire how his face became so disfigured.

"My own fault," Chapman. Was standing on the topgallant

foc'sle the other day when the brig was going about, and got a smack in the eye from the jib-sheet block."

Further down the street he came across a long, thin man with a red beard, a brace of revolvers at his hips,



"Can't you tell those infernal, meddling police of yours to keep away from Black Tom's place?"

sop up champagne at ten dollars a bottle like as if dey was lime-kilns, and den start fightin' and smashin' tings. And, in the end, I'se get inter trouble with the Municipal Police and de Consuls. No, Sah, I guess I can't give dat supper."

and a green-hide whip in his hand. This was Jack O'Brien, chief of the Apia Municipal Police.

"How are you, John? I was looking for you—"

"What's wrong with your face, Mr. Dinison?"

"Fell over hatch-coamings in the dark. Now, as I was saying, John, I'm glad I've found you. I've come in for a tidy fortune, and I am giving a supper-party to-night, and want you to come, or you'll put me out. Black Tom is doing the cooking, and Luisa and some other girls will wait. Just a nice, quiet little party, you know. Will you come?"

"I will that, me boy."

"Right. And, I say, John, look here. The Consuls have a down on that nigger. I know he's no saint, but he's a flaming old cook, isn't he, eh? Now, can't you tell those infernal, meddling police of yours to keep away from his place this evening? We don't want the harmony broken up by a lot of tattooed beasts of native policemen. Look here, John—I'll leave ten dollars at Charlie the Russian's saloon, and shall tell him to give your sergeant a case of gin for your men, eh?"

"That'll do fine, Mr. Dinison. Sure, ye always was a thoughtful man f'r yer years. I'll find me half-caste sargint for the stuff, and when the night-watch musters, I'll give them the liquor, and lock 'em up in the barracks for the night. It's better than that they should be interferin' wid dacent people atin' a bit av supper."

"Right. Good-bye, John. Seven o'clock is the time. Come in at the back gate—front door will be locked—and bring a thirst."

Then off he swung along the hot street to call in at the French Mission to inquire how the good Marist Brothers were getting on with the building of the new cathedral.

The long man looked at the retreating figure with a kindly eye. "Well, well, well, Tom Dinison, it's a great wee man ye are, wid no har-rum in ye. But 'tis a bit thoughtless av ye to lave me here, bakin' in the sun, wid a dhry tongue sthuck to the roof av me mout'."

As Denison ascended the steps of the French Mission, two long-bearded Marist Brothers met him with outstretched hands and smiling faces, for he was a favourite with the French missionaries.

"Ah, c'est toi, mon cher ami, Denison! Tu es le bien venu. Mais qu'est-ce que tu as à ta pauvre figure?—elle est tout-à-fait abîmée."

"Ce n'est rien, cher père Serge. Dimanche dernier au soir, en sortant de l'église Anglicane, j'ai trébuché, et je suis tombé sur le perron."

Past through the semi-German suburbs of Matafele went Denison, only stopping at "Charlie the Russian's" to pay for the gin, and invite Charlie himself to come to the supper; then on to the native village at Mulnu'u Point, where he had many Samoan friends.

They all made him welcome, and prepared a bowl of kava for him to drink. To them he frankly confided his troubles. He wanted, he said, to entertain some dear friends that night, and any such things as fowls, ducks, pigeons, fish, etc., would be very acceptable.

"Tāmu" (Tom), said a chief named Asi, "thou shalt want for nothing." And then he (Asi) gave certain orders.

Denison said to him aside, "Asi, I want you to come to my little *fi-a-fia* (feast), and bring all your dancing girls. And tell your young men that I will order a case of gin for them at Charlie the Russian's presently. And also tell them that the police will be locked up in the barracks. Now, I am very busy. *To fa!*" (good-bye).

As he was coming back through the town he met the meanest man in Samoa, a wealthy storekeeper and shipowner, named Greener, who bore down on him with outstretched hand. He had just seen the editor of the *Samoa Times*, who had informed him that young Denison had come in for the entire fortune of his aunt, who was enormously wealthy.

And Denison particularly wanted to see Mr. Greener, and had intended to call on him.

"Congratulations, my young friend, congratulations," he said oilyly; "but whither in such a hurry? Come in and see Mrs. Greener and May."

"No, thank you, Mr. Greener," said Denison, somewhat coldly, "I am busy making a few purchases for a little supper I am giving. And I want my native friends to enjoy themselves also. I am buying them a few hundredweight of ship-biscuits, a bag of sugar, a keg of beef, and—and, well, a case or two of spirits, and a few cases of beer from Charlie the Russian."

"You'll do no such thing, my dear young friend. You must accept them from me. Now, who are they for? I'll send them anywhere you like."

"For Asi and his people. But I would rather get them from the Russian, and pay for them, thank you."

"If you do I shall be very much hurt—and so will May."

"Oh, well, as you will, Mr. Greener. I am very much obliged, and Asi will make your generosity known. Now, good-bye. No, I won't come in just now. Later on, perhaps. Kind regards to Mrs. and Miss Greener."

"May, you mean."

"May, then, if you will so permit me. Tell May that I hope to call and see her to-morrow, if she will overlook my temporary facial disfigurement. The other night as I was lying asleep on deck, the mate, who is a big heavy man, accidentally stepped on my face with his clumsy sea-boots."

"Dear, dear me! You sailor-men have rough experiences." Then the merchant added, with deeply sympathetic inquisitiveness, "I suppose it is your poor Aunt Lydia who has gone."

Denison turned aside to hide his emotion. "Please do not speak of her, Sir. I feel very lonely now."

"Ah, May will cheer you up. Now, I won't keep you. May your supper-party be a merry one."

"Mr. Greener, six months ago you used very harsh and improper language to me, and forbade me to enter your house again. I felt it very much, and—"

"My dear boy, it was all a mistake. I certainly spoke hastily, and am sorry for it, but—"

"Pardon my interrupting you, Sir. That evening when your niece and I were in the garden I was telling her that I intended to ask you to give me the command of the *Manaia*, and that I hoped, by strict attention to my duties, good seamanship, and devotedness to your interests, to some day—"

"My dear, dear boy! Please do forget all about it."

"But, without allowing me one word of explanation, you ordered me to quit—ordered me to quit in language that cut me to the quick. And everyone in Apia—white and native—knows the story."

"My dear boy! Don't brood over my hasty and unfortunate remarks. I withdraw, most unqualifiedly, whatever I said."

Denison put out his hand. "Then I am sorry for the expressions I used to you. Now, Sir, will you give me the command of the *Manaia*, or any other one of your vessels?"

"With pleasure. But, surely, now that you have inherited your aunt's fortune—"

"Mr. Greener, I do not intend to lead an idle life."

"Very noble of you! Now, do you *really* want to have the *Manaia*?"

"Yes, I do. I want to show you what I can do with a vessel like that. I want no favours, Sir—no favours at all. I have business instincts. Give me the command of the *Manaia* and forty pounds a month, on a two years' engagement, and you will see the result of the first voyage. I won't touch my aunt's money at present. I mean to show people what I can do."

"You shall have her, my dear friend—you shall have her. I'll write you—or you can write me—a form of agreement and get it witnessed at the Consulate."

"Very well, Sir. You please write it, and bring it to the Consulate at three o'clock. I'll be there."

A few minutes later, the Mean Man of Samoa was talking to his niece, May, a pretty, vivacious girl of nineteen, who wondered what on earth her admirer, Tom Denison, had been telling her uncle, who, a few months before, had had a stormy interview with that young gentleman, and informed him that he did not approve of his attentions to her, and had forbidden him the house.

And Mr. Thomas Denison went on his way with a twinkle in his eye. There was nothing serious between Miss herself and the merry Miss May, and he knew that she regarded her close-fisted uncle with almost a feeling of hatred.

"By thunder, it's going to be a bully supper," he said aloud to himself. "I'll see if I can't get a few more fellows to come."

On his way back to Black Tom's hotel he was met by several European residents, who all greeted him most effusively, and asked him to dinner, and made sympathetic remarks about his eye and face, and inquired how it happened; and Denison told a concise, but entirely different tale to every one of them.

Just as he was going over in the ferry-punt across the Vaisigago River he caught sight of Miss Greener riding on the opposite bank, and he shouted out to her to wait. The young lady at once dismounted, and led her horse under a shady orange-tree and awaited him.

"Oh, Tom, what an *awful* sight you are! What-ever in the world—"

"Don't look at my face, my sweet; have you—"

"Thomas Denison, how *did* you get that fearful black eye?"

Denison paused (hurriedly), then said glibly, that whilst he was shaving the brig gave a sudden roll and threw him across the cabin.

May laughed, as she gave him a little cut on his arm with her whip. "You shameless, shocking storyteller! I know all about it. You and Captain Randall had a fight yesterday. And I'm not a bit sorry that he's punished you."

"Yes, you are, my priceless May—I can already see the tear of sympathy gathering in that dear eye of yours on the port side. Now, May, have you seen your uncle?"

"I have, and I want to know what is all this rubbish about your coming in for all your aunt's money?"

"It's true, my princess—absolutely true. She actually did leave me all she had to leave when she died—just ten pounds. Two years ago she went into her dotage and gave £50,000 to the Chinese Missions, and defrauded your loving Tom. Someone had been 'saying things' about me, and she wrote me that I was a brand that she hoped 'would yet be plucked from the burning.'"

And this time he laughed somewhat bitterly, and May's eyes filled.

"Tom," she said softly, "I am sorry."

"Oh, I don't worry over it, May. Did your gentle uncle tell you that he has given me the *Manaia*, at forty pounds a month, on a two years' agreement?"

May wiped away her tears and smiled. "Yes, indeed. And it made me quite happy. Do you know, Tom, that he has designs upon you, and that I am the pawn?"

"Rather. But I have got *him* now; although, my sweet May, I know I shall never have you. I'm to meet him at the Consul's—"

"I know, I know—with the agreement! He's been so sweet to me ever since he saw you. Tom, there's no one about, and if you try to kiss me, I'll promise I won't scream."

At three o'clock Denison met Mr. Greener at the Consulate, and the Consul, after a kindly and sympathetic allusion to Denison's face, witnessed the agreement, and congratulated him upon his new command and the fortune he had inherited. And Mr. Greener, when Denison's back was turned, whispered something to the Consul, who said he always thought so, and that the young man would now steady down and make a good husband.

And then Denison asked Mr. Greener to come to the supper, and that gentleman beamingly assented, and the ex-supercargo, with his black eye and his aunt's colossal fortune, swung along the street to Black Tom's hotel.

There never was such a supper given before in all Samoa—not even in the Island's palmiest days. Long before seven o'clock the visitors, white, brown, yellow, and cream-coloured, began to arrive, and when supper was served Black Tom's long dining-room was crowded to its utmost capacity. Asi, the chief, had sent twenty or so pretty dancing-girls (who were not shy), and who, bossed by Luisa, assisted as waitresses, one young lady—or two, in some cases—to each guest. The noise and laughter travelled across the calm waters of Apia Harbour, and the residents in German Town wondered what was happening. Then someone said that Denison the supercargo was giving a supper because he had come into a fortune of 500,000 marks.

To err is human, to forgive divine, and Denison's was a noble nature, for among the invited guests was Captain Randall, who sat on his left. It was remarked by some of those who were present that it was a curious coincidence that that mariner also had, in addition to some facial contusions, a black eye, though nothing so pronounced as that of his host, who, the moment Randall entered the room, inquired, in loud but kindly tones, how he had hurt his eye, and Randall replied that, in coming on shore in the whale-boat the previous day, the haft of the steer-oar had slipped from his grasp and struck him in the face.

Shortly after nine o'clock, Mr. Jacob Greener rose, somewhat unsteadily, to propose a toast, and the moment he uttered the words, "Mr. Thomas Denison, our dear host and friend," there was a prolonged outburst of cheering, and several gentlemen, in endeavouring to stand up, fell down, and Randall roared like a bull at Mr. Greener, and said that he, as master of the *Vision* and Denison's shipmate for two years, was the proper person to give the toast.

And then Denison begged them both to sit down for a minute whilst he said a few words; and Jack O'Brien, who, as vice-chairman, was at the other end of the table, rose and threatened to "lay out on the flure the first mahn that interrupted the harmony av the procheedin's."

Denison's speech was very simple—in fact, modest to a degree. He was, he said, painfully embarrassed, and hardly knew how to express his gratitude for the kindly manner in which his friends had honoured him by accepting his invitation to his little supper. He would, first of all, like his guests to give three cheers for his valued friend, Mr. Jacob Greener—(Loud cheers and sound of someone falling)—who had, he was proud to say, that day given him the command of the smartest vessel in the Pacific, the *Manaia*—a ship (here he turned his sound eye upon Randall, and smiled benignantly) a ship that could sail rings round the dear old *Vision*, fast sailer, and ably commanded as she was by his valued friend of two years' standing—Captain Sam Randall—one of Nature's gentlemen, and a man with whom he had never had an angry word, though usually supercargoes had much to contend with in many cases with obtuse captains. Now, he would like to inform his guests that to Mr. Jacob Greener and to their noble native friend, the chief Asi, they were indebted for the good things upon the table that night. And he (Denison) was happy in the belief that Mr. Greener and his friend Asi, and all those now gathered about him, had come there, not to congratulate him upon the fact of his having come into money, but out of personal regard to simple "Tom Denison," the man whom they had known for the past five years, and who had tried hard—although he had sometimes gone wrong—to deserve their good opinion. (Here Mr. Greener became visibly affected, and began to weep.) And he would like to add a few words in praise of their dear mutual friend—John O'Brien, Superintendent of the Municipal Police of Apia—(Applause)—a gentleman who deserved to have the control of the police-force of a great city like London or New York. Would they charge their glasses—(Tumultuous cheering)—and drink to Mr. O'Brien's good health. He would now tell them a little secret which would still further endear Mr. O'Brien to them, and promote the harmony of the evening. Their good friend had locked up his myrmidons in the barracks for the night, and his esteemed new employer (indicating Mr. Greener, who was swaying in his chair, and smiling glad tears at nothing) had, with himself, provided the imprisoned men with sufficient liquid refreshment to unfit them for duty—(Roars of applause)—for several days. And now, in conclusion, he would beg all and everyone to make themselves happy for the rest of the night.—(Loud cries of approval.) To-morrow he would assume his new command, with all its responsibilities and worries, but he would face them in a cheerful spirit and with Christian courage. He was only a very young man yet, but he hoped to be a unit in building up Britain beyond the seas; and if his dear friend now present, Captain Leseman, of the *Franziska*, would pardon him saying so, he would assist to rid Samoa and the South Seas of the Germans by hanging them all—except the good old schipper, Herman Leseman, whom he would like to see made Governor-General of Oceania, with power to suppress Yankee commercial travellers, missionaries, and other objectionable persons, who were now turning this lovely garden of Nature—our beautiful Samoa—into an abode of discord. (Frantic applause.)

Let a veil be drawn over the subsequent proceedings. It is sufficient to say that in the morning Denison received this letter, which he read on the deck of his new command—

TOM.—You ought to be ashamed of yourself. It is true that I told you that I hated Uncle Jacob. But I did not think that you could be so cruel as to send him home on the back of a native. I am sure that he will not be himself again for some weeks. I *don't like you*, Tom Denison. MAY.

THE END.

THE TRAPPISTS IN ENGLAND: THE NEW MONASTERY AT WOOD BARTON, SOUTH DEVON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GAY.



1. FARM BUILDINGS NEAR THE NEW MONASTERY.

2. WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

3. THE OPENING CEREMONIES.

4. SUPERIORS OF THE ORDER: (1) THE FATHER SUPERIOR OF MELLERAY; (2) THE LORD ABBOT OF MELLERAY; (3) THE FATHER SUPERIOR OF WOOD BARTON; (4) FATHER FRANCIS OF WOOD BARTON.

5. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MONASTERY.

6. ANOTHER VIEW OF WOOD BARTON.

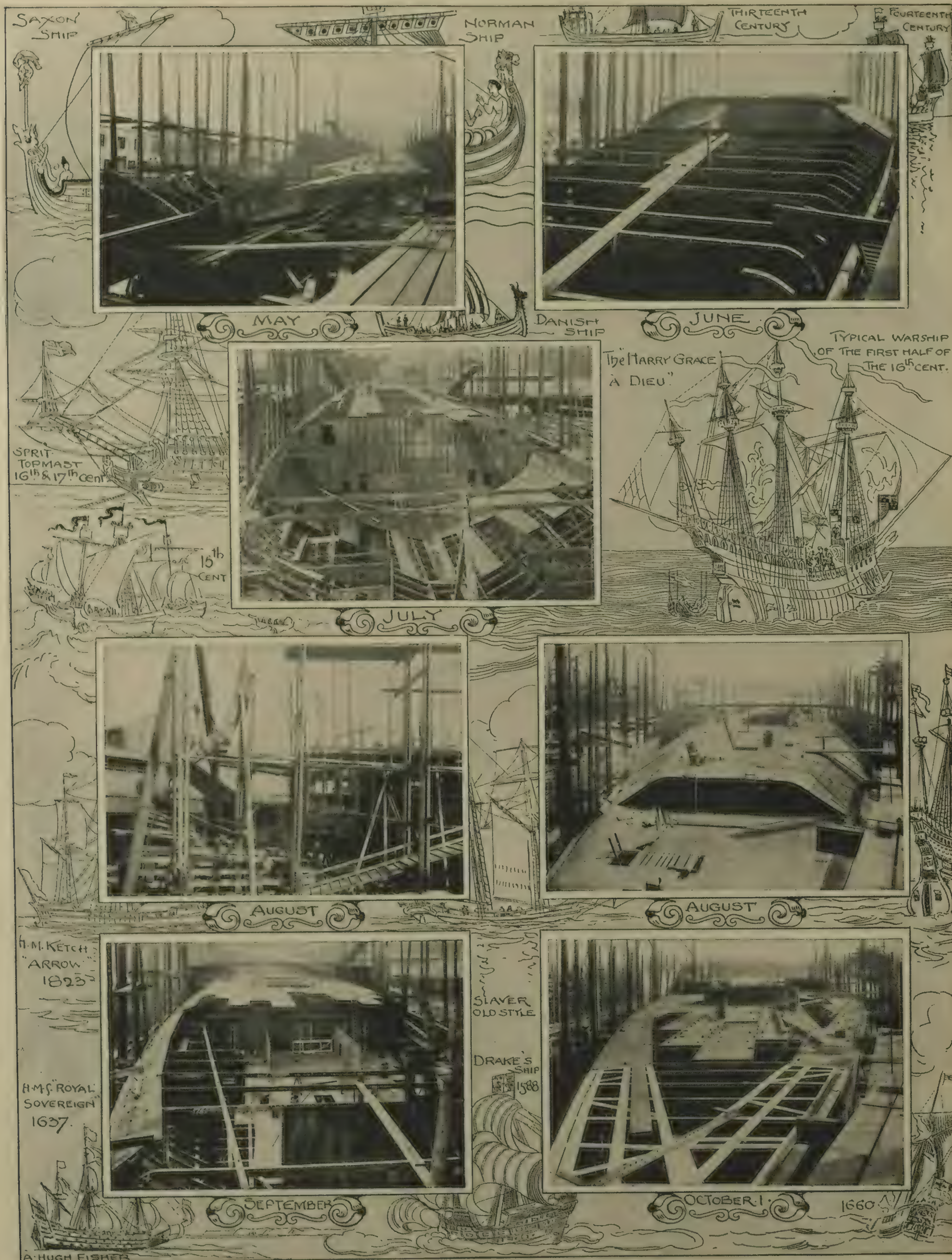
7. TRAPPIST BROTHERS IN THEIR NEW HOME.

8. AN ALTAR IN THE MONASTERY.

The new home of the Trappists, an off-shoot from the Abbey of Melleray in France, was solemnly dedicated on August 30. The inauguration took place before a large company of guests—the last time, probably, that the house will entertain so great a number, for the Trappists are vowed to seclusion and silence, and after one of their houses has been solemnly set apart, admission is not easy for strangers. They do not, however, neglect the traditional monastic virtue of hospitality, and the old farm buildings on their estate are to be used by the monks as a guest-house.

THE GROWTH OF A BATTLE-SHIP FROM KEEL TO QUARTERDECK: A FRACTION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARMSTRONG.



TEN MONTHS' WORK UPON A MODERN BATTLE-SHIP; STAGES IN THE

The Illustrations give some idea of the magnitude of the task which Russia is setting about in voting £50,000,000. to replace her lost navy. Compared, however, to the vastness of the Japanese battle-ship "Kashima" was under construction at Elswick,

OF THE TASK RUSSIA IS NOW UNDERTAKING TO REPLACE HER LOST NAVY.

WHITWORTH, AND CO., ELSWICK WORKS.

COST OF VARIOUS CLASSES OF THE OLD WOODEN WALLS INCLUDING RIGGING AND EQUIPMENT

FIRST-RATES, THREE-DECKERS	£33,390
SECOND-RATES, THREE-DECKERS	£25,000
THIRD-RATES, TWO-DECKERS	£15,000
FOURTH-RATES, TWO-DECKERS	£9,000

BUILDING OF ONE OF THE ELSWICK COMPANY'S GREAT FIGHTING MACHINES.

the undertaking, the speed of modern shipbuilding is extraordinary, as may be gathered from the series of photographs taken at intervals of one month during the ten months that she was laid down on May 11, 1904, and was launched on March 22, 1905.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE BIRTH OF WORLDS.

Professor Darwin delivered the second half of his Presidential Address to the British Association at Johannesburg. In this column I noticed the first part of the address, delivered at Cape Town. He took for his topic the birth of worlds, a subject which has always presented a very attractive aspect to the astronomer. It is, in truth, astronomy which begins the story of the earth; geology takes up the theme where astronomy leaves it. It can only deal with the changes which have occurred on the earth's crust after our "fine old world" settled down in its place in the solar system. Until a solid crust was formed, and until sea and river, frost and snow, volcanic action, and all the other agencies (still at work on our earth) began their action, there could be, and there was, no science of geology at all. Astronomy is, therefore, in a true sense, the mother of geology. Where the astronomer leaves the tale of cosmical evolution, geology takes up the thread of the story. This statement expresses the true relationship of the sciences.

There have been disagreements enough between the two, chiefly on the question of the time demanded for the adequate evolution of the earth. The geologists have made larger drafts on the Bank of Time than the astronomers and the physicists were inclined to honour. The physicists maintained that less time had been required for the process of cosmic evolution than the geologists were inclined to demand. How long, may we ask, has it required for Terra, our globe, to settle down to its present state from the days when it was a molten or semi-molten mass? Professor Darwin is clearly on the side of the geologists, which is eminently satisfactory. He speaks of sixty million years as a kind of minimum period; but he adds that the time occupied must have been much greater. From five hundred to one thousand millions of years is set down as the period since the birth of the moon; and as the moon, I take it, is a pinched-off fragment of the earth, it has had, like its parent, to pass through its own evolution, its birth, its development, its maximum, and finally its extinction and its death.

All this takes time, only the lay mind fails, as a rule, to transfer its ideas of years, judged by the ordinary human standpoint, to the things of the outside universe. We have not, apparently, superseded the nebular hypothesis of Laplace. Professor Darwin has modified that theory. We conceive the idea of a part of the universe filled with a nebulous gas. Motion brings the gas-particles into vortices or whirlpools. Soon we see whirling masses of gas atoms aggregating, and finally orbs, blazing like suns, are formed. Then comes the process of cooling and condensation. The gaseous stage gives origin to the semi-fluid stage. This latter in turn originates the solid stage, with its accompanying water, and all that remains to be done is further solidification of the crust of the developing globe. Then you get your solid crust and its water, with internal heat—a remnant of the once universal heat of the planet—to represent your earth of to-day.

This, I take it, is a rough-and-ready sketch of what Laplace taught was the origin of the planets. On this view of things, our sun, the centre of that fragment of the universe we call the "solar system," represents a planet in the gaseous stage. Jupiter, Saturn, and Venus are planets which have so far settled down, but nobody knows precisely the physical status of these orbs. Probably they are still very hot, but cooling. Mars, our nearest neighbour, we are told, has cooled more rapidly than the earth. It has more land and less water, which state is taken as a test of greater age. Then comes the earth, younger in point of evolution than Mars, with more water than land, with a crust still cooling, and with its internal heat still exerting a decided influence on its fortunes. Finally, there dawns the moon-stage. Evolution has been rapid here. Volcanoes once exerted their efforts galore on Luna. To-day (despite recent ideas) astronomers tell us they are all burnt out, and the moon is a cinder. It parted from Terra, its mother, set out on its own career, and ended as a satellite of the planet which gave it birth.

Time was, Professor Darwin tells us, when the moon was always opposite the same side of the earth, and when our earth always showed the same face to the moon, as the moon shows one side only to us now. Then, also, the moon was only a few thousand miles off the earth, instead of being 240,000 miles away to-day. Knowing the intimate relation between moon and tides, it is not surprising to find the Professor attributing to tidal friction, the chief influence in establishing such relations as exist betwixt our satellite and ourselves. The important point, however, remains regarding the exact physical causes which have wrought out the details of planetary evolution. Radium and recent discoveries regarding its powers, and its possible performances in the past, have apparently to be reckoned with in this matter. Professor Darwin says radium is millions of times more powerful than dynamite; wherefore let us be thankful that it exerts its energy in a more peaceful way. He tells us that the energy or power required to drive a ship of 12,000 tons a distance of 6000 miles at fifteen knots could be found in twenty-two ounces of radium. A South African steamer burns from 5000 to 6000 tons of coal on a voyage of about the same length.

Leaving other considerations out of count, is it, then, that our earth, in its radium-stores, possesses some fragments of material which, in the early geological ages, or before then, contributed markedly to mould the destiny of this planet? Is it that the sun to-day exercises no small measure of its power because it is radio-active? Are we to measure the age of a planet by its radium-store, and by the effects which science is prepared to show may be exerted by the influence of this element? Such questions are in the future of science. The world eagerly awaits replies.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

W BIDDLE.—There seems still something wrong with amended diagram. If Black play 1. K takes Kt at B 4th, 2. Kt to R 5th (ch), the King escapes at K 5th.

BLACK KNIGHT.—If Black play 1. Kt takes Q, 2. P takes B (ch), 3. Q mates either at K 4th or B 6th. This spoils an otherwise excellent problem.

S DAVIS (Leicester).—The solution is 1. B to B 2nd, not B to K 4th, as you have it.

P DALY (Brighton).—Please send us a copy of the other problem you speak of.

A BARKWELL.—The soundness of your criticism depends on the accuracy of your solution, and as Kt to Q 6th (ch) will not solve the problem, we leave the application of the inference to yourself.

F G BAYLY (Notting Hill).—The problem is legitimate enough, but much too simple for our use.

ROBIN H LEGGE.—Much obliged.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS NOS. 3187 and 3188 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 3196 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3199 from James Clark (Chester), Emile Frau, and C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3200 from Emile Frau and Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury); of No. 3200 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Roger S Hanley, A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), D Newton (Lisbon), Thomas Wetherall (Manchester), Emile Frau (Lyons), and L Desanges (West Drayton).

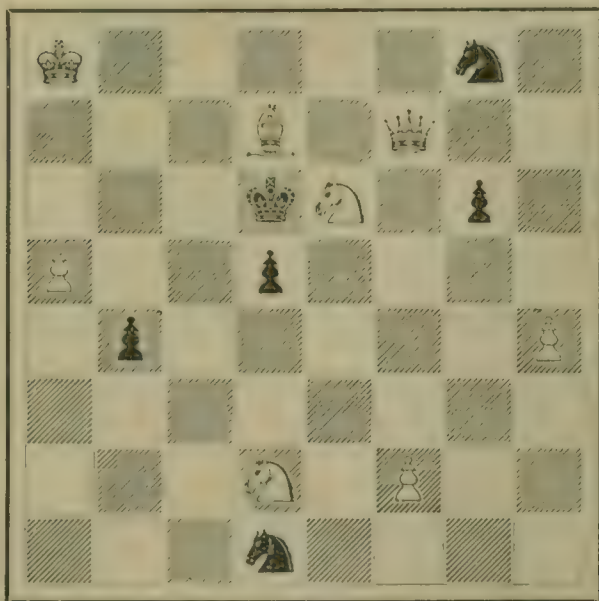
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3201 received from F R Pickering (Forest Hill), A Sanders (Plymouth), T Roberts, Charles Burnett, R Worters (Canterbury), F Henderson (Leeds), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), H S Brandreth (Homburg), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J A Hancock (Bristol), E J Winter-Wood, Sorrento, Rev A Mays (Bedford), G Sellingley Johnson (Cobham), F J Batten (Brighton), Shadforth, F B Smith (Rochdale), Doryman, J W Haynes (Winchester), L Desanges (West Drayton), C E Perugini, C C Stanton (Liverpool), and A G Bagot (Dublin).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3200.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to B 4th Any move
2. Kt, Q, or B mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3203.—By H. RODNEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT SOUTHPORT.

Game played in the Championship Tournament between Messrs.

SHOOSHAH and MACKENZIE.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. B takes P	P takes P
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	14. B takes P	Kt to B sq
3. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	15. B to Q 3rd	B to K 3rd
4. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	16. R to Q Kt sq	P to Kt 3rd
5. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	17. Kt to K 5th	B takes Kt
6. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 5th	18. B takes B	Q to K 2nd
7. B to B 4th	Kt takes Kt	19. Castles	P to B 3rd

This variation always makes Black's game difficult. The Knights certainly ought not to be exchanged, and probably P to Q 3rd is the best reply.

8. P takes Kt	Castles	20. P to B 4th	P takes P
9. Q to B 2nd	P to K 4th	21. P takes P	Kt to Q 2nd
10. P to K 3rd	P to K 4th	22. P to B 5th	
11. B to R 2nd	R to B 2nd		
12. B to Q 3rd	B to B 3rd		
13. P takes P			

Winning a valuable Pawn through Black's oversight in his last move. After this the defence is scarcely tenable.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the International Tournament at Barmen between Messrs. BARDELEBN and MIESES.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	17. Q R to Kt sq	R to Q Kt sq
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	18. P takes P	K R to R sq
3. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	19. Q to K 3rd	K to Q 2nd
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	20. P to K 4th	Q to B 4th
5. B takes Kt	B takes B	21. K R to Q sq	P to R 4th
6. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	22. P to K 3rd	K R to Kt sq
7. B to Q 3rd	P to B 4th	23. B to K 2nd	R to B 2nd
8. P to K 5th	P takes P	24. B to B 3rd	R to B 2nd

Both players are of the fighting order, and we have at once the promise of a lively game. The text move opens the road to interesting complications.

9. P takes B	P takes Kt	25. R to K sq	Q takes R P
10. B P takes P	K takes P	26. P to B 4th	B to B 2nd
11. P takes P	Kt to B 3rd	27. P takes P	Q R to Kt sq
12. Kt to Q 4th	P to K 4th	28. R takes P (ch)	
13. Q to R 5th			

The sacrifice is not sound, and the attack obtained affords no sufficient compensation for the lost piece. Not only is Black's position stronger than it at first sight appears, but in any case Queen and Bishop are not powerful enough to carry it by storm.

14. Q takes R P (ch)	P takes Kt	29. P takes Kt (ch)	K to R sq
15. Q to R 6th (ch)	K to B 3rd		
16. Castles	B to K 2nd		
	B to K 3rd		

Black is now practically safe, and ought to have no difficulty in saving his Rooks.

The Major Tournament in the Barmen Chess Congress resulted as follows: Janowsky and Maroczy tied for first place; Marshall was third; Bernstein and Schlechter tied for fourth place; and Berger was sixth. Taking the Ostend and Barmen positions together, it is evident that, in any claim to the Chess Championship of the World, Maroczy's place would have to be seriously considered, and on present form Janowsky also has to be reckoned with as a likely challenger.

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

Although the success of the Portsmouth Conference has already strengthened the hands of France in dealing with the vexed questions that await her in Morocco, the situation remains difficult and delicate and retains all the material for a European war of the first magnitude. The difficulties are increasing day by day with the lawlessness in Morocco itself, and the French Government are on the horns of a dilemma. If they had elected to retire from the strong position they took up in Fez—*reculer pour mieux sauter*—the work that must needs be done all over again on a more auspicious occasion would have given more trouble than ever in the doing. On the other hand, having decided to go through with a strong hand, they must drop the pleasant fiction of pacific penetration, prepare themselves to repeat the long and expensive story of Algeria, and either make concessions to the honest brokers of the Wilhelmstrasse or face the consequences.

Though Russia is released from the grip of Japan, she is in no condition to mass a huge army on her western frontiers, and it is only in the councils of diplomacy that she can give her friend and ally something in the way of a return for the little trifle of four hundred million pounds that has been sent in times past from Paris to St. Petersburg. It is obvious that the facts of the case, down to the smallest details, are well known to the German Emperor and his advisers, and that they will have their proper effect upon German action. If France should elect to go ahead without fear of consequences, and Berlin should cease to threaten war, it will probably be because the serious nature of a campaign in Morocco is thoroughly understood in German circles. If South West Africa is capable of giving endless trouble and inflicting heavy loss upon General von Trotha and his considerable army, what may not North-West Africa do to France? The campaign that is the only alternative to pacific penetration would necessarily be slow, expensive, and attended by many dangers of revolt in Algeria and Tunisia, where the natives are far removed from contentment. If it should be sufficiently protracted, France would suffer considerable exhaustion, and with Russia slowly recovering from collapse, her ally enfeebled and Austro-Hungary divided against itself, Germany's position as paramount Power upon the Continent would hardly be seriously challenged. On this account it would be but a very small triumph for France to be permitted to launch out upon a campaign of which nobody can forecast the duration. The only possible success to be achieved by her Ministers is one of persuasion and moral force; and while British sympathy is very much with France in this matter, it is impossible to forget that French policy in the Maghreb has never been calculated to inspire confidence among the Moors. Even though Mulai Abd-el-Aziz were anxious to help M. Saint-René Taillandier he could not expect that his great wazers and kaidas, who have seen something of French pacific penetration, would join him. Morocco is largely governed by men who are half Arab and half Berber, and while the Berbers were never conquered, the Arab has never tired of war. No efforts of diplomacy seem likely at present to reconcile these fierce men to giving up any measure of their independence; they have no fear of the European and a firm belief in the eternity of bliss that awaits warriors who fall fighting for the faith. That they are ill-armed and strangers to discipline is true enough, but they know the country intimately, possess a measure of endurance that is far in excess of anything achieved by the average European, and are born fighters.

It is well known in Fez that Europe is not united in dealing with Morocco's future, and rich in this knowledge, the Maghzen procrastinates, neither accepting nor denying the proposals of the different Envoys, but promising each in turn that everything shall be as he desires—if Allah will. This leaves an open door wide enough to admit repudiation of every undertaking. Allah has not willed, and only a Nazarene can cavil.

The coming Conference is not likely to achieve much. Madrid will probably be the place of meeting, although both the Sultan and Count von Tattenbach are said to prefer Tangier, for the latest news from Morocco's diplomatic capital is hardly of the kind that encourages Envoys to confer there. If Tangier should be chosen, we shall see men-of-war in the bay and guards from the various ships on duty to keep unruly tribesmen from coming in from the hills of Anjera to take part in the discussion. Unanimity among the Envoys would help to enforce a large measure of reform upon the Maghzen, and would limit internal disturbances; but it is notorious that the price of German acquiescence is one that France is not prepared to pay. It certainly includes Mogador and some of the closed ports that admit to the fertile country of the Sus.

French colonial ambition demands Morocco from the oases of Tafilet to the Atlantic, from Tetuan to the Wad Noon. To realise this ambition, France opposed England in North Africa steadily for some quarter of a century, and the price of the *Entente* was our cession of active interest in Africa's last great independent Empire. In return, we have been allowed to strengthen our hold upon Egypt. But Germany has paid no price for consideration. She claims consideration on the ground that she is able and ready to enforce it. Her legitimate trade with Morocco is inconsiderable alike in quantity and quality; she has not toiled in the land, neither has she any geographical connection with it. For these reasons French public opinion is bitterly opposed to making concessions.

For the solution of the Moorish problem in its present phase we must ask ourselves whether France, supported as she will be by Great Britain, Spain, Russia, and Italy, will be able to impose her will upon Germany at the Conference. And if she cannot get all she requires without payment, what will be accepted in settlement? There is one more question. Will Great Britain welcome or even permit the establishment of a German naval base on the Atlantic coast of Morocco?

THE INTER-TRIBAL FRICTION IN MOROCCO: THE END OF A BLOOD-FEUD

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



AN EVERYDAY SCENE IN THE SOK (MARKET PLACE), TANGIER.

Since the bonds of Sherrefian authority have been loosened in Morocco, the settlement of private grievances in public thoroughfares of cities that have claimed to be on some terms with civilisation has been an affair of regular occurrence. Our Illustration shows a typical incident. Some family feud of long standing, in which, perhaps, neither the murderer nor his victim took any active part, has reached another chapter. The murderer will seek sanctuary in the "zowia" or shrine of a saint, or will retire to the mountain fastnesses of his tribe; the authorities will refrain from interference; and the spectators will say "It was decreed!"



THE EARLY DAYS OF FOOTBALL: THE GAME A LONDON STREET NUISANCE UNDER EDWARD II.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

In 1314 football was so popular in London, and so many people joined in the game while it was being played in the streets, that the merchants petitioned the King to put it down. Edward accordingly issued a proclamation which ran: "Forasmuch as there is great noise in the city caused by hustling over large balls (rageries de grosses pelotes) from which many evils might arise, which God forbid, we command and forbid on behalf of the King, on pain of imprisonment, such games to be used in the city in future." The phrase, "rageries de grosses pelotes" has puzzled many antiquaries, but there can be little doubt that it is the equivalent of "scrummages over big balls." James I. in the "Basilikon Doron," in which he set down certain precepts for his son and successor, while praising other sports, makes a reservation condemning football: "From this count I debar all rough and violent exercise as the football, meer for laming than for making able the users thereof."

A MISCELLANY OF BOOK NOTICES.

REVIEWERS' VIEWS.

THE note of tragedy reverberates through Miss Watson's story of early Victorian rural life; the characters are driven before the winds of fate, like dry leaves in an autumn gust. Such a story needs much restraint and sober emphasis, and it has it here, so that we find "Driven!" (Unwin) in its way admirable, and even approaching the sombre perfection of "A Village Tragedy," a book in which another woman writer touched the pain of simple lives with the finger of genius. This, too, has elemental material, and the success is all in the handling. The people are peasant folk, suffering under the pinch and want of the middle 'forties, "the hungry 'forties" that recent Protectionist publications have been reconstructing for our observation. Bread was hard to come by then in the agricultural districts, when the farmer doled out his wages, and still had not enough work to give, and where independence was the unforgivable sin. Miss Watson's hungry men, urged on by the women who will not see their children dwindle before their eyes, progress from poaching to sheep-stealing, and thence to robbery with violence, and the inevitable end overtakes them, though the story is not permitted to close with their conviction, but with the dawn of hope for transported prisoners upon their release at the Antipodes. We may note that Miss Watson, to emphasise a point, antedates the rabbit-plague in Australia by some years, at least if her story, as internal evidences would seem to prove, opens not later than the year '46.

Mr. Horatio Brown's book "In and Around Venice" (Rivingtons) deals rather with the second preposition than the first. The sketches of neighbouring town, village, and hill-country are pleasant, showing rather by allusion than by narration the knowledge of local history and the love of nature which in our age are of equal obligation. It is about a century and a half since any man was excused from a privy with the Renaissance and a passion for landscape. Mr. Brown does what is expected of him; sky and sea—the picture generally—are described, but we gather no conviction of a great attachment to the Italian "country" as country. He who thinks of English wildness, English field and wood and wildflowers out of bounds, in the orderly garden of the Italian plains has much to forget and something to begin anew. The chapter on the home of a Venetian country gentleman is excellent, however, and full of perception; but it is to be wished that an English writer on Venice might be found to abstain from pointing a moral against the city and the citizens. Venice is no longer great, it is true; but it is a pity that every tourist should be told how well she deserved her fall. Her history has, in fact, less crime and more justice in it than other great towns can boast. Again, we have to complain of bad Italian, which may possibly be the printer's fault. But the chapters on sailing are delightful, and from those on foundations and pile-driving the reader gets a better idea of the very being of Venice than he will readily gain elsewhere.

The Franco-German War is still, in the hands of the skilful storyteller, a rewarding setting for stirring adventure. Once more the theme has been handled by an English writer (who is incidentally a good Caledonian) with excellent knowledge of the history of the time, the topography of the campaign, and a lively invention. In "A Lindsay's Love" (Werner Laurie) Mr. Charles Lowe revives the old and ever-fascinating theme of the Scot abroad. Young David Lindsay, sometime student of Edinburgh and Jena, undertakes a quixotic quest of his beautiful cousin Margaret, who has been mysteriously spirited away by a Frenchman. David finds himself overtaken by the war in Paris, is personally enlisted for secret service by Napoleon III., whom he suspects of having a hand in his cousin's disappearance, and comes through a stirring series of escapades. The most dramatic and best-sustained of these is his capture and condemnation by the Germans, from whom he breaks away even as the firing-party receive the fatal order. The ensuing swim for life is one of the best things in the book. There is a slight strain on our credulity and gravity, perhaps, at the point where David believes he has evidence of his cousin's death; but Mr. Lowe carries things with such a finely impetuous hand that we have little breath for minute criticism, and enjoy an entertaining, if somewhat long-drawn-out story, where we find it. The author suffers, if anything, from excess of knowledge, and occasionally his wealth of literary allusion has proved an irresistible temptation.

The republication of Mr. Sessions' essays on the Lake celebrities has been handsomely done, and "Literary Celebrities of the Lake District" (Elliot Stock), well illustrated, spaced, and arranged, shapes accordingly into a useful collection, much less desultory in its character than its genesis from newspaper articles would lead the critic to expect. The studies are not profound—they do not profess to be—but they are genial and shrewd, refreshing to vague memories, and soundly orthodox in their views of the great men and women whose careers and attainments they tabulate with so much painstaking. Nothing, in fact, could be more

useful to the intelligent tourist—he who, as the preface expresses it, "requires food for the mind as well as the body." (What a depth of sinister reflection lurks in that mild phrase!) The summaries, though they are neither a handbook nor a guide, serve in some sort the purposes of both. They are preceded, each in turn, by an illustration bearing upon the subject to be treated, and they are gently concise in their Lake geography. Mr. Sessions has not let the giants obscure their less conspicuous literary comrades. So, while he traverses beaten ground, carefully stepping in the footmarks of predecessors, in his essays on Wordsworth and the Coleridges and Ruskin, he ranges as well into the little-known lives of Braithwaite and Dr. Craig Gibson and the Smiths of Keswick, and appears with matter that his readers will probably find quite as engrossing, because less hackneyed, as the familiar tale of Dove Cottage or the Philosopher of Brantwood. The book has its errors of judgment, such as rounding off the lives of geniuses with a neat moral tag, or labelling them in an irritatingly obvious fashion by such sub-titles as "A Great Life Marred" (S. T. Coleridge), "A Lover of Beauty," and so on; but it would be ungrateful to cavil too harshly at these small blemishes in a welcome addition to the Lake Country miscellanea.

Messrs. G. W. Beldam and C. B. Fry have undertaken a congenial if laborious task in "Great Batsmen" (Macmillan). Realising the inadequacy of written description as means of teaching the young idea how to bat, they have been at the pains to take an enormous series of photographs of batsmen in action, to show how the best exponents of the game play various strokes. The photographs, of which there are upwards of 600, are the feature of the book, which is divided into two main sections, entitled respectively "Individualities" and "Strokes Illustrated." The former consists of series of portraits of eighteen prominent cricketers at the wicket. Among these we find twenty-six of W. G. Grace, playing back and forward, cutting, driving, etc.; twenty of Ranjitsinhji; thirty-three of Victor Trumper; twenty-five of Maclaren; and twenty-four of C. B. Fry. All are most characteristic, and will be of real assistance to the player who seeks to correct faults or aims at modelling his style on that of some "Great Batsman." It is a maxim of cricket that more may be learned in an hour's observation of a first-class player than by perusal of all the books on the game ever written; and though the act of making a stroke is a series of co-ordinated movements of which the camera can show only a single stage, such photographs as these, taken as they are by men who are themselves in the front rank of batsmen, possess distinct value as aids to the study of style. The second part of the book, showing various players in the act of taking similar balls, is, if possible, more interesting and instructive than the first by reason of the facilities it affords for comparing methods. We know that the "style" of one player differs much from that of another; how wide the differences are these photographs show us very clearly, the camera catching those little peculiarities of arm, wrist, and leg work which the eye fails to note. Sometimes the pose in which the batsman has been caught is ungraceful, even awkward; on the other hand, we are inclined to think that had our national game been known to the ancient Greeks, their sculptors must have discovered on the cricket-ground suggestions for statues of athletes equal in grace and vigour to any inspired by the Olympic games. The explanatory text is brief but admirably fitted to its purpose.

In October of last year the Observatory on Ben Nevis was closed, after rather more than twenty years' occupation. Mr. William T. Kilgour, who was associated with the work there, has given us in "Twenty Years on Ben Nevis" (Gardner), what he calls a brief account of the life, work, and experiences of the observers at the highest meteorological station in the British Isles. It is well-nigh impossible for a man who has any powers of observation to spend two decades on the lonely mountain top without finding some material for a book; but we are inclined to believe that, given the material and the honest observation that seems to go with it, one would not easily write anything less worth reading. To say that Mr. Kilgour has no sense of style at all, is not enough. We must charge him with the reckless use of ill-considered or obsolete words, with an utter absence of humour, coupled with unending search for it, and a complete inability to make any satisfactory use of the opportunities that his sojourn on the mountain top should have afforded him. Here and there the author leads us to believe that he is going to say something worth saying; he trembles for a moment on the verge of relevance, and returns to the safer paths of inanity and slang. He regrets the closing of the Observatory, and really, seeing that he found so much useful occupation while it was open, and that he has published this extremely feeble book since it was closed, we are inclined to share his regrets. It is to be hoped that Mr. Kilgour will find some other observatory, where, should he propose to pursue literature, he can devote his spare hours to acquiring some few of the qualifications that are demanded of the least successful author.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW NOVEL.

THE curious inquirer into the secrets of the novelist's workshop might possibly find it amusing to discover how often one of an author's characters is merely the converse of another. There is in the Hope collection a portrait of a certain Peggy, who went about doing good, with definite intent. Her beneficent intrusions, regulated by an exceedingly well-balanced mind, formed the conduct of persons in her own sphere, who knew perfectly well that they were influenced. Equally possible, and more interesting because more subtle by its one remove, is the character essentially ill-balanced and considerate only of self that, in blissful unconsciousness of what it is about, causes a whole circle of people, with whom it has really very few points of contact or sympathy, to lose its mental and moral equilibrium. This piece of byplay in the human comedy has been chosen by Mr. Anthony Hope for the traffic of his stage in "A Servant of the Public" (Methuen), and the subject seems made to his hand. With a little more time it might have become as vital and well articulated as his psychological masterpiece; but books like "Double Harness" are not written every day, and in an age of haste we must be content if Mr. Hope evades, as he has here done, the dry metallic clink of "Quisante" and "Tristram of Blent." It has all the correctness, so nearly tiresome, all the sheer "knack" that made up the sum-total of these works, but fortunately it rises above them in its passages of delicate intuition, and once at least this novel, which somehow seems to wear a frock coat and a silk hat, is redeemed by an excursion into the purely idyllic. If the repartee be less memorable than Mr. Hope usually contrives, the epigrammatic comment is more searchingly apt, and the evolution of situations sufficiently unexpected and amusing to stir the reader's consciousness to a diffused ripple of enjoyment. Emotional tempests there are none, and if, on the stage, it may now and then blow half a gale, the storm never really gets over the footlights. The material might have justified something more elemental, but *dis* (or *Antonio*) *aliter visum*, and so the achievement gets no further than a comedy of manners.

The disturber of the peace of an eminently respectable coterie, half commercial, half aristocratic, was herself a person of real, though suspected, respectability. Elizabeth Aurora Pinsent, better known as Ora Pinsent, an actress of enviable popularity, on the strength of an introduction from Lady Kilnorton, set by the ears the solid family of the Muddocks and certain of their acquaintance. The Muddocks had risen to Kensington Palace Gardens by reason of the wealth daily increased by the overwhelmingly great firm of Muddock and Mead, haberdashers, of Buckingham Palace Road; and although they were now accepted among patricians they had had a "Middle Period" whereof the prejudices were still strong in the race. Aurora at the moment of her entrance enthralled Lord Bowdon, an acquaintance of the Muddocks and (worse still) bewitched Ashley Mead, struggling barrister-at-law and son of a deceased partner in M. and M., whom Sir James Muddock wished to receive into the business and to wed to his daughter Alice. Ashley, in the toils of Ora, a fascinating bundle of emotions, cried, "Away with the ribbons!" and refused a fortune in haberdashery, being applauded in his resolve even by Alice Muddock, who loved him, and who vainly combated the "Middle Period" by certain wavering intellectual lights. Bowdon's rivalry for Ora's favours died young, for Lady Kilnorton, scenting danger, marked him for her own, and he, seeking a haven from indiscretion, yielded. Ashley had now the field to himself, and pursued a perfectly innocent attachment with such devotion that the whole Muddock-Bowdon crowd was soon humming with suppressed scandal. Unluckily, Ora was already married to an obscure scapegrace, Jack Fenning, who, at the tenderest point of Ashley's passion, begged leave to return from America. Ora's virtue, the one convention she could never shake off, could only bid him come, and thereupon she arranged a luxurious drama of renunciation, played out to the last tender artificial line by her and Ashley. They must go together to Southampton, she decrees, to meet Fenning. At the crucial moment her courage fails; she evades her impossible husband, and leaves him on her lover's hands. Then Ashley makes a false move, whereon hangs the dénouement. Analysis, however, is perilous to Mr. Hope's gossamer fabric. His hand alone can make the delightful imbroglia tolerable and plausible. In the earlier love-passages he excels himself, and shows the happiest inspiration and insight in imagining the restraint—too prudent, perhaps, for real passion—which Ashley lays upon himself lest he blast an exquisite attachment.

The ending, which it were unfair to the author explicitly to betray here, is conceived with just the right instinct for the situation. Aurora, all air and fire, is one of those mercurial creatures that must, if they are to count for anything in the life of a man like Ashley, remain mere incidents. A more adorably perverse incident no man of imagination and feeling could pray for, and we are left envying Mead, even although his fortune was not what he had dreamed. His reflection that, after all, Ora was his holiday is the properly harmonious close to this study of sheer temperament.

THE GREAT ANGLO-SCOTTISH GOLF FOURSOME: THE ENGLISH VICTORY AT DEAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARK, AND BY BAKER AND DIXON.



1. THE PLAYERS GOING TO THE THIRD TEE.

3. ONE OF THE WINNERS: AN IRON SHOT BY HARRY VARDON.

4. THE OTHER WINNER: TAYLOR IN "ROUGH."

6. A. HERD DRIVING FROM THE TENTH TEE.

2. THE PLAYERS GOING TO THE SEVENTH TEE.

5. JAMES BRAID DRIVING FROM THE FIRST TEE.

7. HARRY VARDON PUTTING AT THE SECOND GREEN.

The final stage of the great international foursome between Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor (representing England) and James Braid and A. Herd (representing Scotland) was played at Deal on September 9. Vardon and Taylor started seven up, and defeated the Scotsmen by thirteen up and twelve to play. The match ended at the sixth hole, and would have been prolonged had Herd brought off an eight-yard putt, but he hardly gave the ball a chance. The scores were: Braid and Herd, 4-4-4-4-4, Taylor and Vardon, 4-4-5-4-3.

THE EXTINCTION OF AN INDUSTRY BY THE TARTAR-ARMENIAN RIOTS IN THE CAUCASUS: GREAT OIL-FIELDS AND OIL-WELL FIRES.

PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY MR. J. D. HENRY



1. THE RICHEST OIL-FIELD IN PROPORTION TO ITS SIZE IN THE WORLD: THE BIR-
EBAY DISTRICT, IN THE CENTRE OF WHICH IS THE NOW RUINED PROPERTY
OF THE RUSSIAN PETROLEUM AND LIQUID FUEL COMPANY.

3. THE SCENE ON THE FRINGE OF THE GREAT BALAKHANY OIL-FIELD, NOW DESTROYED.
Some of the oil-wells, from 1000 feet to 1500 feet, are in the lake.

4. A TEXAN PARALLEL TO THE BAKU CONFLAGRATIONS: THE FIRE AT THE SPINDLE TOP
FIELDS, ONE OF THE MOST SERIOUS ON RECORD.

5. A BURNING RUSSIAN OIL-FIELD, SHOWING THE REMAINS OF DERRICK AND BAILING
PLANT AFTER A FIRE WHICH BROKE OUT ON THE PROPERTY OF THE
MANTASCHIEFF COMPANY.

6. THREE RUSSIAN OIL-FOUNTAINS ON FIRE.

7. ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL OCCURRENCES IN THE HISTORY OF THE BEAUMONT OIL-
FIELD, TEXAS: THE BURNING OF THE OIL-CARRYING VESSEL "CITY OF EVRETT."
The vessel was a whale-back, one of the first of the fleet of tankers used for the shipping of Beaumont oil.

8. AN OIL-FIELD FIRE IN TEXAS.

9. OIL-CARRYING VESSELS LYING IN THE BAY AT BAKU.

During the disturbances between the Tartars and the Armenians in the Caucasus, the oil region of Baku, with its elaborate pumping-plant, was entirely devastated, and the industry practically annihilated. The capital of the English companies, which have suffered most severely, amounts to not less than six millions sterling. Baku, which the oil industry has raised to the status of an important and well-built modern city, is surrounded on every side with forests of derricks, the tall wooden scaffoldings that rise over the oil-wells. In case of fire these inflammable frameworks make the destruction more complete. Not merely for oil alone, but for naphtha refuse, which supplies the motive power for the mills, railways, and river steam-boats, the Baku oil-fields form the chief factor in the prosperity of Southern Russia.

COVERT - SIDE JUSTICE: "SO PERISH ALL OUR ENEMIES."

DRAWN BY G. T. LODGE.



THE STOAT WILL EAT NO MORE PARTRIDGE.

Against the stoat and the weasel gamekeepers must needs wage unending war. If these pests are not trapped upon every occasion, they multiply rapidly and will play havoc with young birds and eggs. In places where they are not pursued systematically, few game-birds reach maturity. Happily, they are easily tracked, and a well-handled trap will bring their depredations to an end. Many keepers devote the branches of one tree to an exhibition of vermin, and shepherds and other farm-hands receive a small reward for all the stoats and weasels they can add to the collection. If keepers were not so keen to destroy owls, their labours at the extermination of vermin would be lightened.

LIVE SHELL PRACTICE AT PORTSMOUTH: DESTROYING AN IMAGINARY OBSTRUCTION OF THE HARBOUR.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.



1. THE TARGETS REPRESENTING ATTACKING VESSELS IN TOW.

2. SMASHING THE TARGETS BY SHELL-FIRE UNDER SEARCHLIGHT.

The famous "bottling" operations of Admiral Togo at the entrance to Port Arthur, and of the American Fleet at Santiago in the war with Spain, may be held accountable for certain experiments made at Portsmouth last week. The old torpedo gun-boat "Rattlesnake," duly divested of all valuable fittings and loaded with concrete, was towed to one of the creeks diverging from the harbour and submerged in some twenty feet of water. A guncotton mine was exploded beneath her, and she was blown to pieces, covering the water with drifts over a considerable area. The experts of the Torpedo School-ship "Vernon" then proceeded to investigate the nature and effects of the explosion. The explosion served a double purpose. It shows the effect of guncotton upon the hull of a vessel, and the value of the "bottling" work in sealing up the outlet by which ships of war must sometimes pass from harbour to action. The batteries also practised at hitting targets under searchlight, and blew them to pieces in a few minutes.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: INTERESTING SNAP-SHOTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



"PHYSICAL ENERGY" BEHIND THE TRACTION-ENGINE: MR. WATTS'S GREAT STATUE BEGINS ITS JOURNEY TO THE MATOPPO HILLS.

The statue on which the late G. F. Watts spent so many years' labour was exhibited during last Academy in the quadrangle of Burlington House. It will ultimately be placed over Cecil Rhodes's tomb in the Matoppos Hills. The immediate cause of the removal of the statue from Burlington House was the decision to pave the quadrangle with wood blocks.



THE ROYAL PAVILION AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PARTY.

The Braemar Gathering of 1905 was held in Clunie Park, Invercauld, near Balmoral, during a thunderstorm. The meeting lacked much of its usual éclat by the absence of the King. The portraits in the royal group (reading from the left) are the Duke of Connaught, the Prince of Wales, Prince George, Prince Edward, and Princess Mary.



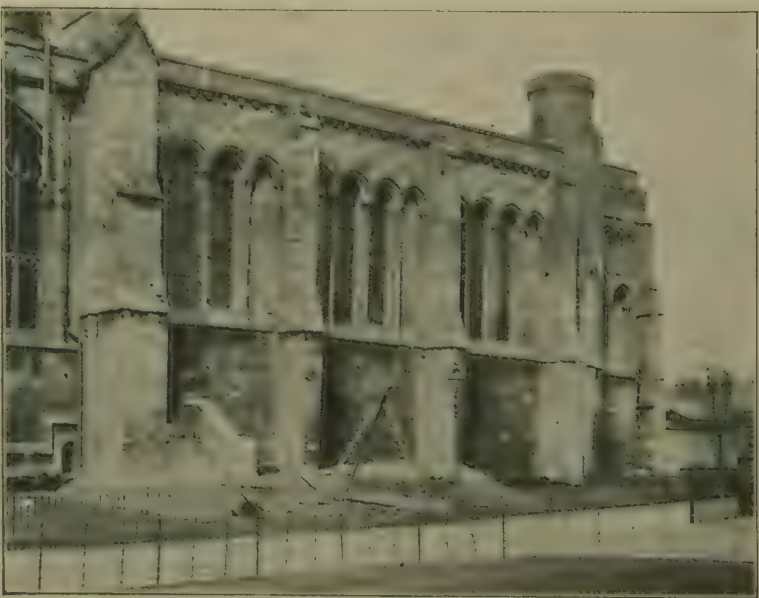
TWO DUTCH ADMIRERS OF KING EDWARD: COUNTRY GIRLS WHO CYCLED TO FLUSHING TO SEE THE KING.

The Dutch people were greatly interested in the brief visit which his Majesty paid to Flushing on his return from Marienbad. Hundreds of people watched the arrival of the royal train, and among them were two girls who cycled in from the country. Many Dutch children in holiday costume also lent a picturesque touch to the crowd.



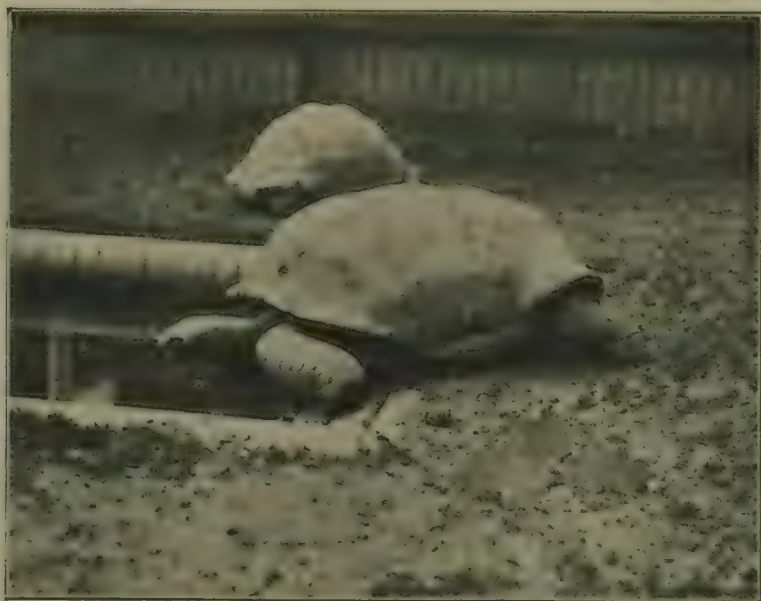
THE END OF GENERAL BOOTH'S TOUR: THE ARRIVAL AT THE TOWN HALL, ILFORD.

General Booth has returned from his two-thousand-mile motor tour and addressed great gatherings at the Albert Hall and Ilford Town Hall, where Mr. W. P. Griggs, Chairman of the Urban Council, asked him to settle down and stand for Parliament. The General explained that his long pilgrimage is not ended. In November he proposes to start on a Continental tour.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL'S THREATENED SUBSIDENCE: EXCAVATIONS TO DISCOVER THE CAUSE.

From no definitely assured cause Winchester Cathedral is said to stand in imminent danger of partial collapse. The east end of the fine old building is subsiding in an easterly and westerly direction, the south wall of this section being nearly two feet out of plumb. Two large double shores are being erected to mend matters temporarily during the progress of excavation, but for the proper treatment of the trouble an outlay of ten or twelve thousand pounds is necessary.



REMOVAL FROM THE "ZOO" OF THE GREAT TORTOISE, THE PROPERTY OF THE HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD.

The removal of the great tortoise from the Zoological Society's Gardens was safely accomplished last week. This fine specimen, so rarely seen in any Zoological Gardens, is the property of the Hon. Walter Rothschild, whose natural history collection at Tring Park is one of the most remarkable in the country. Mr. Rothschild has agents and collectors in all parts of the world, and the Zoological Society is indebted to him for many interesting gifts and loans.

SNARING BIRDS WITH THE ZEBU IN INDIA: A CURIOUS METHOD OF FOWLING.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOFKOEK FROM SKETCHES BY C. ARRIENS.



1. THE ZEBU AS AN AUXILIARY OF THE FOWLER'S SNARE.

2. THE MAN WHO IMITATES THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

At Sivaganga, in India, the natives practise the method of snaring here illustrated. A long tunnel-like net is staked into the ground with an approach like a small corral. One of the fowlers, taking cover behind a zebu, passes along the open front of the decoy, and drives the birds towards the snare. At the other end of the tunnel lurks a second sportsman, who imitates the notes of the birds and so lures them into the snare. As soon as the victims are in, the net is closed by a horsehair noose.

LADIES' PAGE.

Queen Alexandra has many tender memories about the Castle of Bernstorff, where she is to stay for some time with her father. It is the most homely and unpretending of royal residences; so small that our Queen and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, have always shared their suite of rooms with each other, as even for daughters of the family in such high position it was impossible to allot a separate sitting-room to each. The dining-room will not seat in comfort more than fifteen persons. But the little house is charmingly situated in the midst of a well-kept park, and so far from the haunts of men that the inmates can throw off all needless ceremony, and be a house-party as



A DAINY EVENING-GOWN.

White mousseline-de-soie trimmed with a froth of flouncings of its own material, these prettily arranged, as shown, around medallions of lace, makes a charming design for the coming "little season" in town or for dances in the country.

simple and familiarly happy together in the country as any of the most modest station. How pleasant it is for personages who have to live their lives in the public eye to escape from formality is discovered from a famous window in the little castle, on which messages have been written by several of the Danish Sovereign's descendants with their diamond rings. The Kings and Queens, their heirs and their children, all express deep regret at leaving this little home, and speak of the happiness that has been enjoyed there.

There are really many points in which we might do well to copy our French neighbours, and they would all be found in the direction of what they themselves would call less "brutality"—the word has not quite the same meaning in French as in English. One thing we should do well to imitate is their infinitely superior arrangements for "boarding" omnibuses over our own. Here, youth and brute strength have it all their own way. Ladies (well-dressed or refined women, I mean), elderly men, and delicate persons, and, above all, mothers with little children to care for and assist, are flung aside and left in a manner that is really disgraceful by the agile jumping-on while the vehicle is in motion, or the sheer violence when it is at rest, of the younger men and girls. In France, as we all know, it is "first come, first served," for a ticket system does what civilisation is supposed always to secure—it places the brute force of the stronger individuals under the governance of law and order, and assures an equal social consideration for all. While there is no system here, one can hardly blame the young men who make cruel use of their strength, but to join in the mêlée has long been a pain and difficulty to mothers with children and to elderly women in particular. Now it grows more acute with the introduction of the electric-tram and motor-omnibus. If public opinion is not strong enough to right the matter as regards the access to vehicles owned by private companies, it ought at least to be possible for the women municipal voters to secure that the ruffianism now to be seen on every holiday or wet day, and, indeed, daily at certain hours, at the terminal stations of the County Council trams should be put an end to, and replaced

by a ticket system to which all must conform, such as works so satisfactorily in France.

It is, perhaps, hardly realised, however, how small is the voting power of women in our County Council elections. In London, the last return taken showed but one woman voter in every seven. Women may only vote as householders, whereas men vote also as lodgers; and the vote of single-men lodgers, who may pay only four shillings a week for one room, is almost exactly as strong as that of women rate-payers at the heads of houses—each are about one-seventh of the total voters. When to this small proportion of the electorate it is added that there are no women members sitting on the County Councils, it is obvious that the influence of the persons for whom I plead for more decent traffic regulations is not alone sufficient to secure any change. But perhaps the elderly men and the infirm ones will add their influence! As far as women alone are concerned, it might be feasible to run every third or fourth vehicle for women and children only. But if a ticket system were made the universal rule, there would be no more real difficulty in enforcing it than there is in carrying out any other law that is designed to improve upon "the good old rule, the simple plan, that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can." A large proportion of the men who now are practically compelled to use their strength in the fight for a place would undoubtedly prefer an orderly and peaceful "taking turns."

A new hat is the first requirement of a changing season; but the need for a wrap is not far behind in this time of chilly evenings. Light cloth for long coats, pale grey in particular, is very fashionable, and there is even a large demand for pure white and for cream, and for that shade of white that is just touched with faint blue, and that is known as zinc white. A little deepening of the tint from the pure snowy hue makes white less apt to soil, and, moreover, to many complexions it is more becoming than dead white. The length of the new coats of this kind is commonly either what is called three-eighths or full three-quarters, but some are cut quite to cover the gown. These latter are mostly of the redingote persuasion—that is, fitting to the waist closely, and thence flowing full to near the ground, buttoning only for some four inches below the fitted waist-line. The three-quarter wraps are usually loose from the bust, either of the sac variety hanging from the shoulders quite loosely, or the "Empire," with trimming over the fitted bosom portion. The last-mentioned are by far the most smart and also the newest. While such "dressy" coats are made in face-cloth of the finest kind, and in the light tints—putty, zinc, fawn, biscuit, or true white—there is also a large supply of useful wraps in the like designs and lengths, but made in serviceable materials to face a rainy day or a motor drive or to walk in over the moors or through the country lanes. In all such situations the delicate colours and finical smoothness of the "dressy" wrap would be out of place, and therefore not attractive—for to a woman of good taste the suitability of her garb is the first and most important consideration. The tweeds that the peasants of both Scotland and Ireland make in such trustworthy weaves are excellent, and now that ladies like the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Londonderry give the cottage manufactures the oversight of their taste, the colourings and designs are equally desirable with the lasting qualities of the homespun fabrics that the peasants produce. Many tweeds or homespuns are exactly the right thickness for coats for the on-coming season, and, lined with silk, are bought for walking in the lighter weights or for driving in the heaviest weaves.

Coats in the three-eighths length are much adopted as an integral part of the "coat-and-skirt costume," as well as for wraps. The skirt worn with this length coat ought to be only walking length, as it is inconvenient to hold up a tail of the frock under the coat when it comes below the knees. But such walking-skirts are in full fashion. Many of them are plain and untrimmed, too; perhaps they have a few tucks round the foot, or a little braiding up the gores or round near the bottom, and several rows of stitching are generally put round the foot, but the flouncings and ruchings, and so forth, that are all right for "dressy" gowns are out of place on a useful trotteuse skirt. They are being cut with many a gore, nine or even eleven, which makes them fall full, and they are then nice to the eye without needing to be either long or trimmed. Such a plain, full, much-gored skirt in a substantial tweed needs no lining, except, perhaps, round the foot to support the row upon row of stitchings from the machine. When the coat is in reality the dress bodice, it is often somewhat decorative at the corsage portion; a revers on both sides of a fancy brocade or embroidered narrow vest is a very favourite method of making; and then there must be a waistbelt into which the fussy trimming or fullness of the top can be set on its upper edge, while below the tail portion of the coat is set in, or rather set under, the waistband that makes all tidy. Some redingotes are cut away from the front both above and below the waist, the opening being filled in above the waist with a very handsome vest in some rich colour, while below the skirt shows, or, at any rate, seems to do so, to the waist. For example, a greyish-green tweed faintly marked off into a plaid by a darker green line was cut away to show a vest of old rose face-cloth embroidered with gold soutache.

For just slipping on when the walk is to be taken in the morning, or for a quiet drive in a pony carriage, and so on, when a slight wrap is needful both for appearance and extra protection, only a little short loose coat or cloak will be required for several weeks yet, if the autumn is kindly. For this use, a loose-fitting coat reaching but a short distance below the waist, and

requiring only two or three rapidly done fastenings, or, as an alternative, a cape that throws over the shoulders in a moment, are most useful. Something like serge, thin cloth, a silk and wool mixture or plaid, will construct such a small mantel or coat. Even a coat need not fit anywhere except over the shoulders, for if it have, as it well may do, a waistbelt, it still should be loose to the figure, and just "fit where it touches." A full sleeve is indicated, very ample to the elbow, or rather to turn that point, as the idea is to have a little garment that can be put off or on without the least fuss or trouble, as the exigencies of an uncertain season demand. The bolero form is sufficient if liked, as the waist-line need not be covered to protect the chest adequately.

Great helps are given to the housewives of to-day by the progress of modern science, and one of its most remarkable discoveries is that of Plasmon, the nutritious part of milk, which is extracted in the form of a tasteless powder, easily dissolving, and so made available for mixing with other foods, adding to their nutriment greatly without affecting their flavour. Plasmon is made up as chocolate, tea, biscuits, and prepared oatmeal for porridge, and now comes also in the form of an excellent custard-powder, fully flavoured, which is made with the greatest simplicity and ease, and also as a blancmange-powder, all ready for mixing to use. Both are very good indeed, and most nourishing.

"Javal" is the name of the very latest preparation for the hair. It is quite original, being prepared from refined naphtha (of which there is not the slightest odour—in fact, it smells nice enough to drink), to which are added certain herbs of known value for preventing the hair falling out and cleansing the scalp. It is an agreeable and dainty preparation.

Alike on artistic and sanitary grounds, many high authorities on house-decoration advise the use of distemper for the walls of rooms in preference to a wall-paper. It is less likely to hold germs or to absorb infection, the dust is more easily cleansed off the surface, there is no unwholesome size or paste used in affixing it, as must be used with papers, and the colour of paper fades more quickly and less evenly than does that of distemper. In the well-known



AN AUTUMN TAILOR-MADE DESIGN.

A dress of fine face-cloth in almond green, violet, or any other moderately dark colour is finished with revers of white cloth braided in black and decorated with little silver buttons.

Hall's Distemper no fewer than seventy shades are prepared, ranging from the most delicate and palest up to the deeper and stronger tones, so that any requirement in decorative art can be met. It can be used with a stencil-plate to make a design as a frieze or dado, the centre of the wall being in the plain surface that is most favourable for picture-hanging; or the frieze-rail can be one tone and the wall another, and so on. A room done with Hall's Distemper can be washed without injuring it by a maid with a flannel and pail of water. There is also an outside quality for greenhouses, etc. A little illustrated book will be sent post free on application to Messrs. Sissons Brothers, Hull. FILOMENA.



BACK VIEW OF THE MONUMENT.



FRONT VIEW OF THE MONUMENT.

IN MEMORY OF THREE CAMPAIGNS: THE MONUMENT TO OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE KING'S LIVERPOOL REGIMENT, WHO FELL IN BURMAH, AFGHANISTAN, AND SOUTH AFRICA, UNVEILED BY SIR GEORGE WHITE AT LIVERPOOL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BROWN.

The memorial, unveiled on Sept. 9, has been erected by public subscription, and is the work of Mr. W. Goscombe John, R.A. The figures round the pedestal commemorate various periods in the history of the Liverpool Regiment.



1. MOSCOW TACTICS: A VILLAGE BURNED BY THE RUSSIANS ON THE APPROACH OF THE JAPANESE GUN-BOATS.

2. A JAPANESE TRANSPORT LANDING TROOPS AT ALEXANDROVSKI.

3. A RUSSIAN HOUSE AT KORSAKOVSK: JAPANESE OFFICERS AND ENGINEERS.

4. UNDER THE FLAG OF THE RISING SUN: THE PIER AT ALEXANDROVSKI.

5. THE RUSSIANS DURING THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION: A STREET SCENE IN ALEXANDROVSKI.

THE ISLAND HALVED WITH RUSSIA: SCENES OF THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION OF SAKHALIEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. B. CALVER.

These scenes date from the beginning of the Japanese occupation on July 24. The troops landed near the burning village, five miles from Alexandrovski, where no soldiers disembarked until two days later. Shots were exchanged, and the Japanese removed some Russian mines from the anchorage. Alexandrovski was not in any way damaged, and many Russians remained after the coming of the Japanese. The tower on the right of No. 5 is that of the fire-brigade station.

THE SPRUCE WOOD.

It is a fairly large plantation, laid out some thirty years ago, at the foot of a hill that slopes gradually from pasture-land to heather. Spruce, pine, and juniper, with here and there an ash, it has for boundaries a stone dyke, the pasture, and two cornfields. Remote from the farm, where a wood is held to serve its purpose if it screens a cornfield from the cutting wind, the place is seldom or never disturbed. The farm-tenant is not at liberty to cut or prune, the factor has apparently forgotten the wood's existence, the owner is an absentee. So the trees in the depths fight hard for light and air, sacrificing their lower branches that the tops may remain green. Rabbits have tunnelled the ground in all directions, and the wild pigeons nest on every side. Wild-winged, clear-eyed, and strong on the wing, these birds survey the landscape from their domain in the tree-tops, and with sound judgment choose the unguarded fields for their depredations. In the summer season the little time that the farmer can spare does not avail to keep them from working havoc among his pea-fields; in autumn they loot the grain until they are as big as young pheasants. Perhaps they have become emulous of the prolific rabbits; from April to October you are safe to hear some mother-birds crooning over eggs or young as you pass the wood's edge. But so surely as you venture within the pale and your foot breaks the first dry fir-twig in your path, there is the rattle and rustle of many wings, some sudden flashes of soft grey feather overhead—and the wood is clear of pigeons. Weather and the season decide the direction and duration of their flight; but the most careless bird will remain away until you have been marked home.

The ubiquitous rabbit is not quite so nervous. He is watching you from a dozen corners, under dry branches, by the edge of burrows, in tussocks of grass that may chance to feel the sun. Every branch that cracks sends one flying to cover, every sudden turn you take brings another to momentary view, scudding so swiftly to his

our attention is far greater. Among the visitors there are a few coveys of grouse that do not hesitate to leave the moorland when the guns are making it too hot to hold them comfortably. I have seen a family of eight birds come down noiselessly to a strip of dry grass and sit erect while the father bird looks round anxiously, too much alarmed to utter his Gaelic challenge. Once when a covey saw me just as it had settled, the birds ran away; they would not rise. They sought some shady corner where they remained all undisturbed.

Their cousin, the grey hen, comes to the wood to make her slovenly nest and rear her awkward babies; and her sometime lord, the blackcock, is known to seek a safe retreat there when he has been disturbed from corn or roots. The wild hen pheasant, perhaps the worst mother in birdland, will sit on a dozen eggs or more, and must be accounted fortunate if she brings four or five babies to maturity. Some say that she has the power of with-holding scent when she is sitting, and that this gift, added to her neutral colouring, helps her to hatch her clutch. Other observers hold that her many enemies do not attack sitting birds, having some mysterious respect for maternity. I have no strong opinion, but it is a fact that certain good retrievers hesitate to pick up a rabbit that is about to litter, and this suggests possibilities of passing sympathy between the pursuer and the pursued. A few brown owls are to be seen about the wood at dusk; perhaps they do something to keep the stoats and weasels

within bounds. I have disturbed them in the afternoon, when they wheel round and round in startled fashion, intolerant of the daylight, and have frequently found one soon after sunset sitting on the wire rail that marks the division between cornfield and wood,



A GREAT ENGLISH SPA: A CRICKET MATCH AT THE EMPIRE HOTEL, BUXTON.

Buxton, that most beautiful Spa set in the heart of the Derbyshire vales, is this year enjoying one of the most successful seasons it has experienced for some time; everything is favourable, the weather is good, and there is no lack of suitable amusement and recreation. The magnificent Empire Hotel stands on a site overlooking the town, and one of its principal features is a series of terraces which face full south, and from which superb views of the surrounding country may be enjoyed.

home that you dare not fire for fear of doing no more than wound. And yet there will be dozens content to lie out and watch you in real or fancied security.

So much, then, for the common folk of the wood: it has residents and casual visitors whose claim upon

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Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

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IN DEED."**

"Cleanliness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God, to society and to ourselves."

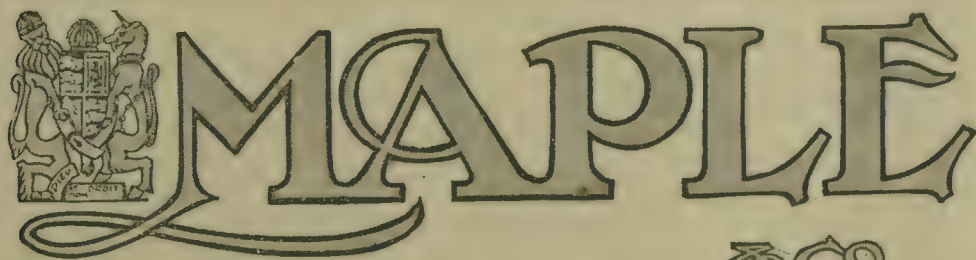
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and looking out over the landscape with a suggestion of appreciation.

As soon as the corn is cut, the brown hares come into the spruce wood, choose some shady place for their form, and lie at watchful ease until the evening, when they steal out to the roots and, selecting a turnip, eat their fill. They avoid the rabbits as far as possible, and are more delicate and cleaner feeders, returning to one root until it has been consumed, while the incontinent rabbit will go from one to another, nibbling and doing damage for which the hare is blamed. When the pigeons go to the root-crops, they continue the work that hare or rabbit has begun; I think their beaks are not capable of attacking the hard skin of an unbroken turnip.

When autumn is waning and all save root-crop fields are bare, when the grouse have packed and the partridges are wild as hawks, while the blackcock will fly a mile or more from imagined danger, the wood sometimes receives a visit from a very honoured guest—the roe-deer. He has come from some of the well-preserved plantations a few miles to the south, tempted by change of diet, or perhaps frightened by an ill-directed shot. Farm-hands setting out to the byre in the dim light of very early morning have seen him feeding; the shepherd tramping over the moor to his snug cot-house in the valley has marked him at sunset. He has assumed his warm winter coat, and is now quite ready to take an honoured place in a game larder that has hitherto welcomed nothing larger than a hare. But the roe-deer has not come from his home to give the sportsman who lingers among the wild life of the hills a further chance of diversion. He is elusive and sly, seen at intervals until he has roused the hunting passion to fever heat, and then he goes silently, mysteriously, as he came, and the wood surrenders to the snow, and the great winter silence is over everything.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

It is extremely regrettable that the Mermaid Repertory Theatre should have had to close its doors owing to inadequate financial support, and it is rather a satire upon the play-going public that a manager who strives to represent the classical English drama in a worthy manner should have received only £12 towards meeting weekly working expenses of £300. Mr. Philip Carr, however, hopes that it may be possible to continue his excellent venture at no distant date.



PERPETUATING THE KING'S CORONATION COSTUME: THE NEW STATUE FOR HONG-KONG.
COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY MILLS.

Mr. George Wade, who has done so much to perpetuate the kingly image in the Colonies, has just completed the statue here illustrated, which is destined for Hong-Kong.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London is expected at Fulham Palace at the end of this month, and he will hold an Ordination on Oct. 1 at St. Paul's Cathedral. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. P. N. Waggett.

The Bishop of Winchester is to officiate at the consecration of the chapel of St. Nicholas at Carisbrooke Castle on Tuesday, Oct. 3. Princess Henry of Battenberg and members of her family will be present on the occasion.

I am glad to learn that Canon Scott Holland is making a very good recovery from his recent illness.

The Bishop of Western New York is spending his holidays in England. In addressing a missionary gathering at Bryngwyn, Herefordshire, the residence of Sir James Rankin, M.P., he spoke of the remarkable progress of the American Episcopal Church. That Church, he said, possesses ninety-nine Bishops, five thousand other clergymen, and between sixty and seventy dioceses. The Church was established as a result of the seed sown by missionaries sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel two hundred years ago.

The Bishop of Birmingham intends to make a practice during the winter of visiting churches in the diocese without notice, in order that he may gain personal information as to the attendance at different places of worship. He has requested every incumbent to send him on a postcard the hours of morning and evening prayer and the celebrations of Holy Communion on Sundays only. The Rev. the Hon. Reginald Adderley has placed his services at the disposal of Birmingham Diocese for preaching and mission work.

One of the most venerable clergymen in England is the Rev. N. A. Garland, formerly Vicar of St. Matthew's, Brixton. Mr. Garland, who resides at Tunbridge Wells, is in his ninetieth year, and still shows wonderful health and mental vigour. He keeps abreast of home and foreign politics, literature and Church affairs.

Thanksgivings for peace in the Far East have been added to the liturgical service in many churches. The Bishop of Peterborough was one of the first to write to his clergy on the subject. He suggested that on Sunday, Sept. 10, an appropriate reference should be inserted before the General Thanksgiving.

V.

BATH'S READY

WRIGHT'S GOAL TAR SOAP

4th A TABLET.

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We constantly receive letters like the following:—

"I can testify as to the quality of your extract as I am a frequent user of same. I am sorry to find that several times when I have asked for Liebig's Extract, I have had faked off on me an inferior article which, when tasted, had nothing like the flavour of yours. I shall take care to order it as Lemco in future."

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**The original and only genuine
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'HOW NOBLE IN REASON! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension, how like a God!'

'Nature listening whilst Shakespeare played, and wondered at the work herself had made.'—CHURCHILL.

HIS MIND WAS THE HORIZON BEYOND WHICH AT PRESENT WE CANNOT SEE.
—EMERSON.

SHAKESPEARE,

THE SAGE AND SEER OF THE HUMAN HEART.

FORGIVENESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE. 'He taught the Divineness of Forgiveness, Perpetual Mercy, Constant Patience, Endless Peace, Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show HIM! I know him not! If he had appeared as a Divine they would have Burned Him; as a Politician, they would have Beheaded Him; but Destiny made him a Player.'—THE REV. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

'I find no human soul so beautiful these fifteen hundred years!' CERVANTES.

A MAJESTIC AND IMPERISHABLE INHERITANCE. 'These Divine and Immortal Plays; the embodiment of all the Ages, Wisdom, and Philosophy, and the Majestic and Imperishable Inheritance of the English speaking race, should be read by all young men and women, being as they are Enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of Virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity.'—CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

'HE WAS THE MASTER OF THE REVELS TO MANKIND.'



From a Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. CYMBELINE, Act 3, Scene 6.

On the character of Imogen, who is here pictured disguised as a boy offering payment for food found in the cave of Belarius, Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius; she is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood. Imogen: 'Good Masters, harm me not. . . . Here's money for my meat.' Guiderius: 'Money, youth?' Arviragus: 'All gold and silver rather turn to dirt, as 'tis no better reckoned, but of those who worship dirty Gods!'

'It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women. . . . but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart.'—HELEN FAUCIT.

IF YOU HAVE LOST SYMPATHY YOU ARE EXILED FROM LIGHT!

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

'RICH FROM THE VERY WANT OF WEALTH, IN HEAVEN'S BEST TREASURES, PEACE AND HEALTH.'

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

The JEOPARDY OF LIFE is Immensely Increased without such a Simple Precaution as

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

(READ THE PAMPHLET GIVEN WITH EACH BOTTLE.)

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

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THE 'BAKU' HORROR.

(See Supplement.)

Russia is no sooner free from the horrors of a war in Manchuria than an internecine struggle has made itself manifest in the Caucasus. Baku, Batoum, and Tiflis, the two former being centres of great commercial importance, would appear to have been wrecked and ransacked by bands of pillaging Armenians, Tartars, and the Russian riffraff of the oil-fields. In Tiflis, so amazingly varied is the life that it has been said that a distinguished philologist once counted thirty distinct tongues in the meat bazaar, while in Baku, where perhaps the nationalities are not so numerous, those that are present in Black Town are of a curiously aggressive character.

Engaged in the work on the oil-fields are Tartars and Armenians from the Caucasus, Persians from the



THE TRAVELLING MOTOR-WORKSHOP.

The resourcefulness of Mr. Harvey du Cross in connection with the motor car industry is proverbial. His latest innovation should, and doubtless will, prove a veritable boon and blessing to owners whose cars stand in need of repair or overhauling. Messrs Panhard and Levassor will, on receipt of a postcard addressed to 11, Regent Street, S.W., fix a date for the visit of their travelling workshop. This ingenious motor-van is provided with a full range of tools, lathes, and appliances. It also carries an assortment of spare parts, tyres, etc., and repairs of any kind can be executed on the spot, and any spare part can be supplied. Accompanying the van will be two skilled mechanics, who will advise as to the condition of the car. This latest enterprise will enable all owners of Panhards (no matter where or from whom purchased) to have their cars tuned up.



TRAVELLING MOTOR-MECHANICS AT WORK.

border districts, and natives from Central Asia. Racial prejudices are increased by differences of opinion arising from religious animosities, and as the sects are countless, immunity from disturbance is never completely secured. Just now the authorities, who have been indifferent to the situation underlying the present troubles, have become suddenly alive to the disaster which now threatens Baku and the Caucasus in general. For months past the grievances of the

workers have been acting as a goad to the conflicting interests of the various nationalities, and from time to time this feeling has broken out in minor eruptions of disorder and anarchy. At one time the Armenians would be in favour with the police, at another the Tartars, and on occasion some other sect was momentarily supported by the police. The authorities have thus played one sect off against another in the hope that a wholesale massacre would rid them of troublesome agitators. Until now, the sects would appear to be united against the State rather than in conflict amongst themselves. In the Northern Caucasus the movement has been directed solely against the Government, and the fact that in Baku the Christian and Tartar sects are fighting against one another is due more to the intense bitterness of the personal grievances than to a desire to avoid attacking the Government.

Baku proper consists of a modern Russian city encircling an old Tartar town, which itself is surrounded by a well-preserved wall nine hundred years in age, possessing a wonderful breadth of parapet

and imposing bastions. Old Baku, a city of bygone days, still preserves many interesting and ancient characteristics. The grey walls climb the hills as though they were ever seeking some snug hollow in a distant valley, and the housetops, as in all Asiatic cities, are flat, permitting a comfortable lounge at night and a gathering place by day. Many cupolas and minarets are visible, and the black masses of the Bala Hissar, the old palace, dominate this interesting spectacle. Near the port the modern world of European activity and feverish commerce has encroached on the precincts of the old town, and spacious but scattered bungalows ornament the hillside, carrying the encroachments of the newer city gradually further and further into the sphere of its elder sister. The prospect of change, however, is remote, and if it were not for its mineral wealth there would be no risk that a purely modern excrescence, such as the modern Baku,



A LAWN-TENNIS CHALLENGE CUP.

The cup here illustrated is an excellent specimen of the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, London and Sheffield. It was awarded for the Gentlemen's Singles for Eastbourne and the South of England.

would some day obliterate the traces of the most typical centre of the nearer East.

The old city sleeps amid arid, treeless hills, swept with the breezes of the Caspian or rocked with the fierce impetuosity of the driving gales. At such a

ARROL-JOHNSTON CARS

ARE

UNEQUALLED FOR EASY AND ECONOMICAL RUNNING.

In the SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS for Touring Cars—May 10 to 15, 1905—a 12-h.p. Arrol-Johnston Car carried off the honours with the greatest ease, running 43.8 miles per gall., while the next best car only achieved 35.37 miles per gall.



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These Cars are renowned for their Simplicity, Silence, Easy Control, ECONOMY IN PRICE, AND ECONOMY IN WORKING.

The Arrol-Johnston Transmission Power is the most efficient known, as much as from 66 to 70 per cent. of the engine power being transmitted to the road wheels. There is a special Throttle Valve that is much more efficient than any so-called Automatic Carburetter, and effects a wonderful saving.

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CARS, VANS, AND LORRIES ARE BUILT IN 12, 16, and 20-h.p. by THE ARROL-JOHNSTON MOTOR CAR CO., Ltd., Underwood, PAISLEY. Immediate delivery of Standard 12-h.p. Car. Write for Illustrated Catalogue No. 1, post free. London Agent—GIBSON-BRILLIÉ BRITISH MOTOR CO., LTD., 106, NEW BOND STREET.



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H.M. THE KING.



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TO H.R.H. THE
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THE extraordinary successes which have accrued to the Daimler Car in all competitive tests, such as hill-climbing, convenience, practicability, and elegance, is the main theme of conversation amongst motorists.

The reasons are not far to seek: effective transmission of power, painstaking attention to every detail, scientific construction, mathematical accuracy obtained by standardisation with consequent speedy and sure interchangeability of parts.

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to make them really palatable, and the best Sauces are those made with

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

as thickening.

The delicate flavour of this Corn Flour does not cover the natural flavour of the vegetables, but forms an agreeable complement.

Even such plain vegetables as leeks, carrots, and turnips can in this way be made appetising.

Brown & Polson's booklet "Simple Fish and Vegetable Sauces" contains 31 simple and easily made recipes compiled by an eminent cookery expert. A copy will be posted to any lady sending a penny stamp to Brown and Polson, Paisley.

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MADE FROM THE ORIGINAL CENTURY-OLD RECIPE,
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You can apply Williams' Shaving Soap to the face—go out in a March Blizzard—and the lather will remain moist and creamy. Such a soap makes shaving easy and leaves the face happy.



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A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management
(48 pages) free on request.

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The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 1 consists of fresh cow's milk scientifically modified so as to closely resemble human milk in composition. The excess of casein (indigestible curd) in the cow's milk has been removed, and the deficiency of fat and milk-sugar made good. The method of manufacture pasteurises the milk and absolutely precludes all risk of contamination with noxious germs. Thus a perfect substitute for the natural food of the child is obtained and vigorous growth and health is promoted.

The "Allenburys" Foods are alike suitable for the robust and delicate, and children thrive upon them as on no other diet.

No starchy or farinaceous food should be given to an infant under six months of age, it is not only useless, for the young infant cannot digest starch, but is a frequent cause of illness and rickets.

MILK FOOD No. 1. MILK FOOD No. 2. MALTED FOOD No. 3.
From birth to 3 months. From 3 to 6 months. From 6 months upwards.

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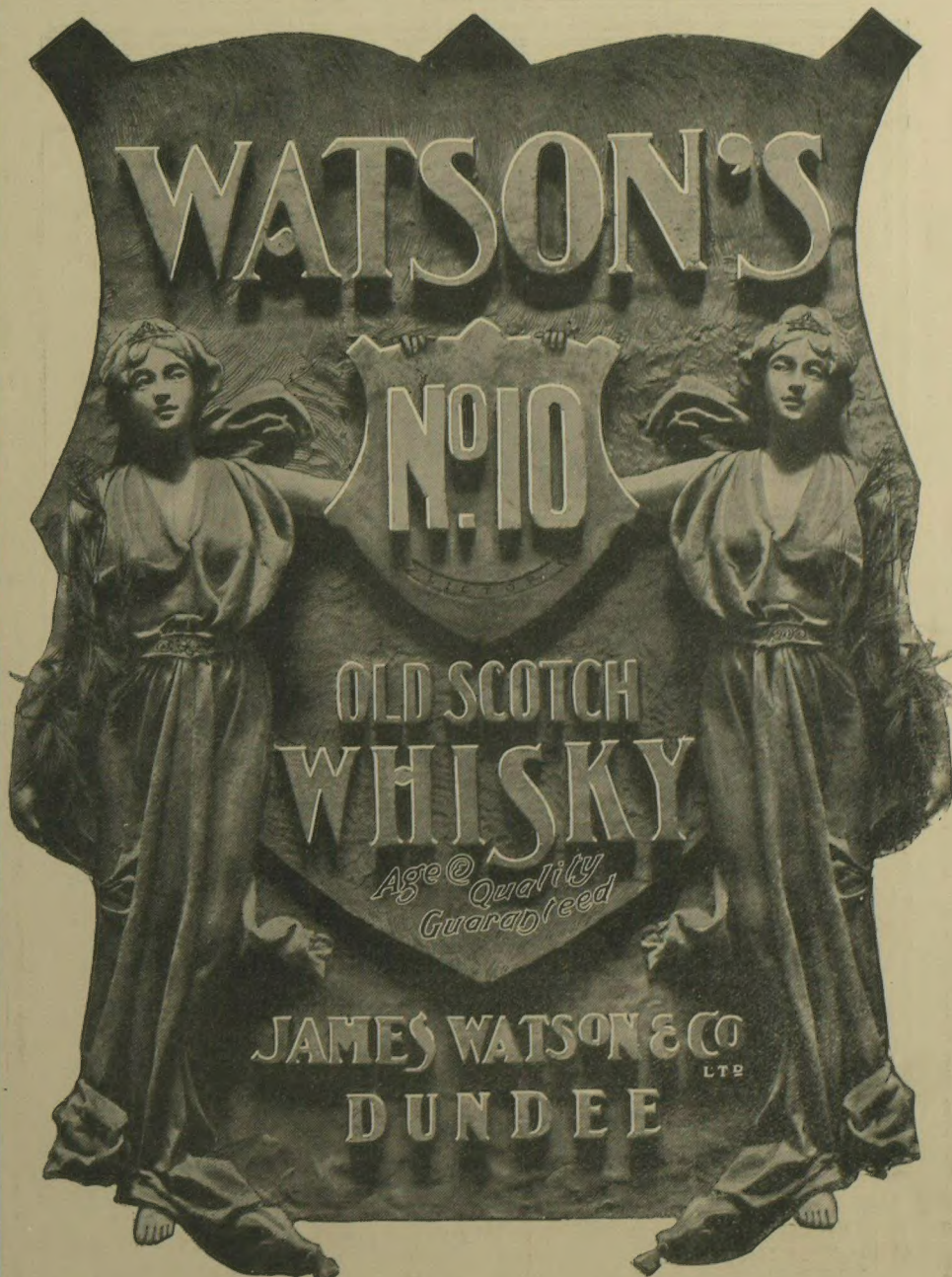
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No. 10

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

Age & Quality
Guaranteed

JAMES WATSON & CO
DUNDEE



moment, when beneath the blue sky the air is filled with a fine, choking sand, the place becomes hateful and a scene of desolation. Sand swept up from the road rises in masses of yellow clouds, and the streets are depressed by the deathlike stillness. Only the dogs or a straying donkey may be seen wandering between the narrow high but crooked walls.

If the old city represents a distinct link with the past, the new city, which is the port of Baku and the great centre of the oil trade of Europe, is amazing and cosmopolitan. There is not a nationality that in the space of three minutes will not swarm round the corner of the Oil Exchange, while to a motley gathering of French, British, Greeks, Germans, Italians, Swedes, Americans, and Russians there may be added the swarthy Turks, Persians, Georgians, and Turcomans—all the peoples of Europe and of Asia brought together in one whirl of speculation. The modern town, prosperous and imposing, although so dusty that even a passing breeze makes it unendurable, is a place of handsome buildings and wide thoroughfares in the main centres, but a bizarre jumble of buildings in streets of lesser importance. Electric light illuminates the city by night, electric cars thread the streets, and the air spins with the hum of telegraph wires. It is impossible to be peaceful in Baku, and it would take a man of curiously lethargic disposition not to feel the profound interest which attaches to the place.

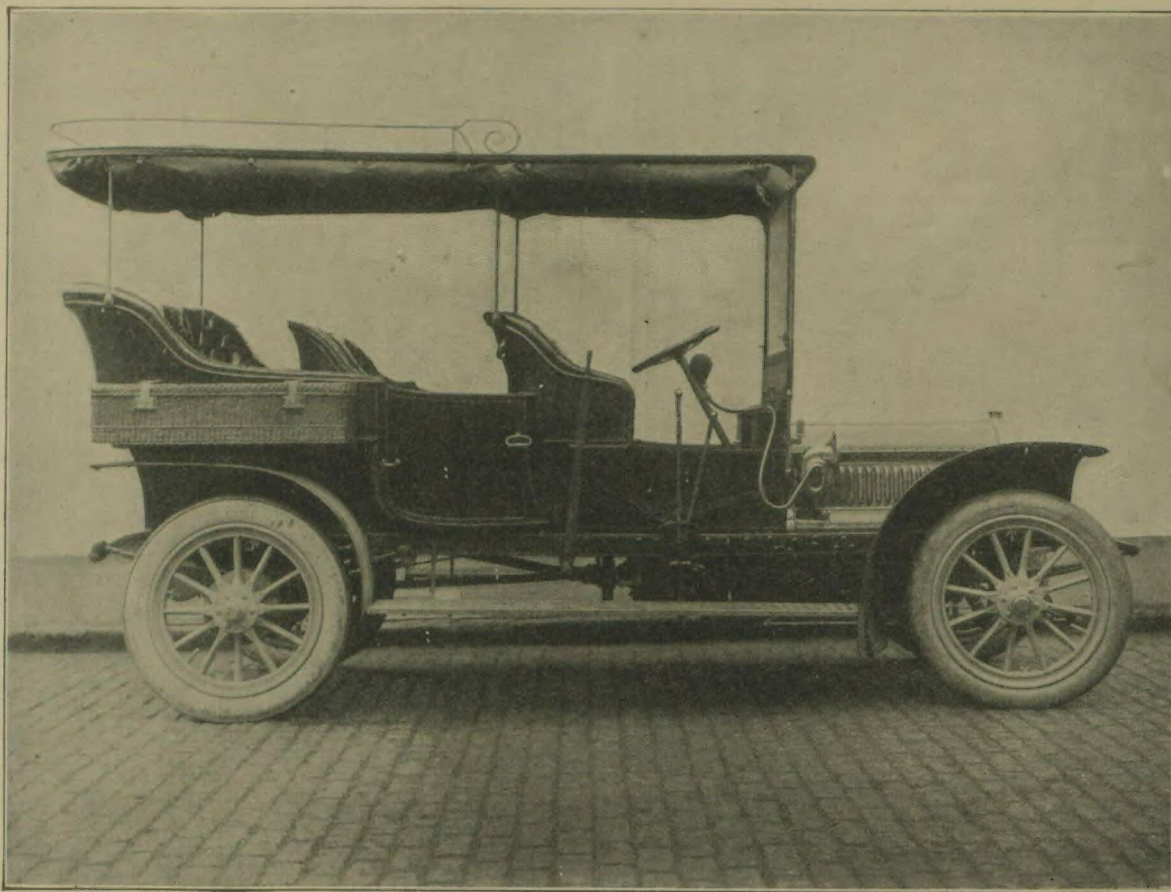
Modern Baku, however, is only interesting on account of its propinquity to the oil-fields, which, lying within half-an-hour's drive of the port, leave an indelible impression on the whole neighbourhood. A melancholy landscape unfolds itself near the oil-fields. Long, low hills of mud, dark in colour, rise from the seashore; while the sky is pierced by the scaffolding of the innumerable towers which stand above the wells. A pall of dense black smoke, showering smuts upon

the liquid turquoise of the Caspian, is suspended above everything. It is here that the wells of the Bibi-Eibat Company and the Balakhana Field are situated, while most of the properties which have been destroyed are on adjacent plots. This part of

of it, and sleeps with its atmosphere in the nostrils. It is none the less an interesting spectacle, and one which should be seen to be appreciated. The surface of the earth is so porous that in many parts the oil saturates the very footprints which the casual wayfarer

may leave on the roadside. In the field itself the oil lies about 150 feet below the surface, and pumps are needed to suck up the fluid from the wells. It comes up liquid as water, and occasionally thick as treacle. In this, its crude state, it is the colour of mud, when, with the force of a tidal wave, it rises—sometimes in a hurry—and at such a moment it bursts forth in so great a volume and with such a force that it carries everything before it, sweeping derricks, towers, and huge masses of machinery to immediate destruction. These sudden spurts are known locally as "fountains," and when in action they are described as "blowing." The nature of a "fountain" being such that it gives off in twenty-four hours as much oil as an ordinary well would eject in a year, its presence implies rich returns to all concerned with it. The oil forced from the well-pipes rises perhaps 100 to 150 feet within a wooden scaffolding, deluging everything and flowing with the roar and elegance of a waterfall, to be caught in a series of tanks and pipes and drains in the ground about the well. No attempt, of course, is made to check the flow, although there is generally a channel into which it is directed. From the field a line of piping carries it to

monster tanks which are placed on the quay, whence it is loaded in bulk on to the steamers. This process is a great innovation compared with the old days when the oil was ladled into carts and then carried to the refineries, whence the kerosene was shipped to the Volga railways. Now, however, through the use of tank-steamers and lengthy pipe lines, the oil passes direct to the steamer either as crude petroleum from the wells or as kerosene



MR. CARNEGIE'S NEW ARGYLL CAR.

The car, which the Argyll Motors, Limited have just delivered to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of Shibo Castle, is a 22-24 h. p. four-cylinder Argyll, with a special seven-seated body.

Baku is described as Dante's apology for hell, and it is termed colloquially the Black Town. Oil is everywhere, and although modern Baku has banished the oil from the streets in Black Town, only a few miles away it flows through the gutters at the side of the streets, lies in stagnant pools in the roads, permeates the air, and filters through the food until the human machine not only walks on oil but talks of it, partakes

Insuring against loss of Hair

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's **TATCHO POLICY**



"TATCHO"

Many people say that they attribute the fact that they are able to keep their hair in a youthful condition. Unconsciously thousands of men and women, for the want of this simple precaution, have found the first nail driven into the coffin of their business careers. Every year the cry—

"Too Old at Forty"

becomes more acute. When Professor Osler, who recently took the Chair as Professor of Medicine at Oxford, said that people should be chloroformed at sixty, he was not taken seriously. How true it would have been if Professor Osler had put it that we might as well be

"Chloroformed at Forty"

because the man is bald, or showing a tendency in that direction, or the woman grey and sparse of hair. Now there is a remedy for all this. That remedy is Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho." "Tatcho" alone will do it. By using "Tatcho" you are positively

Insuring Against Loss of Hair

A touch of "Tatcho" occasionally is all that is required. "Tatcho" is not a rich man's remedy. The institution of the system by which the public are able to obtain, carriage paid, a 4/6 TRIAL BOTTLE OF "TATCHO" FOR 1/10 has brought "Tatcho" to a level with other necessities of life. The system was instituted and is being continued solely to educate the people to the value of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's discovery. Each user being a living testimony to the powers of "Tatcho," a hundred thousand users are of infinitely greater service in securing an enduring reputation, than a hundred thousand pounds spent in the orthodox methods of press publicity.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON and send with a P.O. or stamps for 1/10 to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London. By return you will receive a full-size 4/6 trial bottle of "TATCHO," Carriage Paid.

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COCKLE'S THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE Antibilious PILLS

IN BOXES AT 1/12 2/9 4/6 11/- EACH

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THE OLDEST AND BEST.

"THE QUEEN" says: "Having made a fresh trial of its virtues after considerable experience with other compounds of the same nature, we feel no hesitation in recommending its use to all housewives."

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POLISH.

Unequalled for its Brilliance and Cleanliness.

It Cleans, Polishes, and Preserves Furniture, Brown Boots, Patent Leather, and Varnished or Enamelled Goods.

VICTORIA PARK WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

Bilz FIRST-CLASS SANATORIUM, DRESDEN—RADEBEUL.

Three Physicians. Chief Physician, ASCHKE, M.D. Suitable for any kind of Cure. Splendid Situation. Most Efficacious Cures. Open the whole year. Prospectus free.

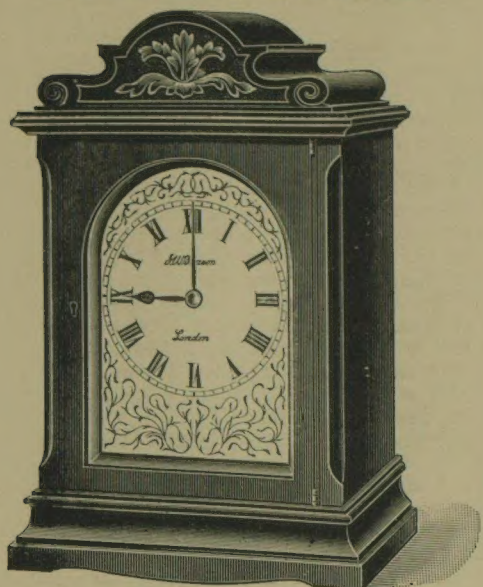
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Circumstances alter cases. Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

real hair savers.

WAVERS

NO CLOCK
EQUALS. **BENSON'S**
ENGLISH MAKE THROUGHOUT.

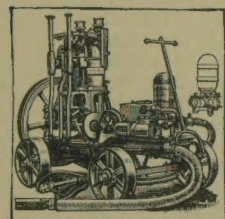


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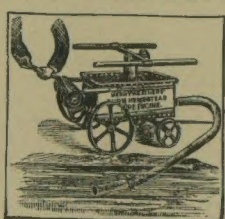
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The Cheapest made, £7 10s.

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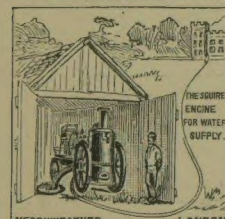
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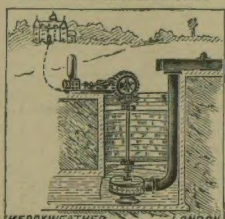
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WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.



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TRY OUR
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One Cup contains more
Nutrient than Ten Cups
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PLASMON COCOA

Aids Digestion, Braces
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Summer Pastimes—
PICNICKING, CAMPING OUT, &c.—
always call for a beverage that must be
COOLING & REFRESHING
and yet easily prepared.

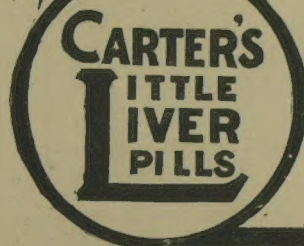
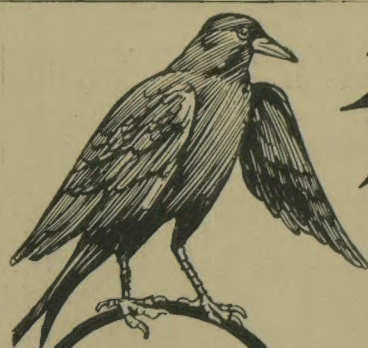
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fulfils all these requirements. It is a deliciously
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and thirst-quenching.

A 4d. Bottle makes 2 gallons.

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7/10^{ths} of ALL

Your little ills will find relief in

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For HEADACHE,
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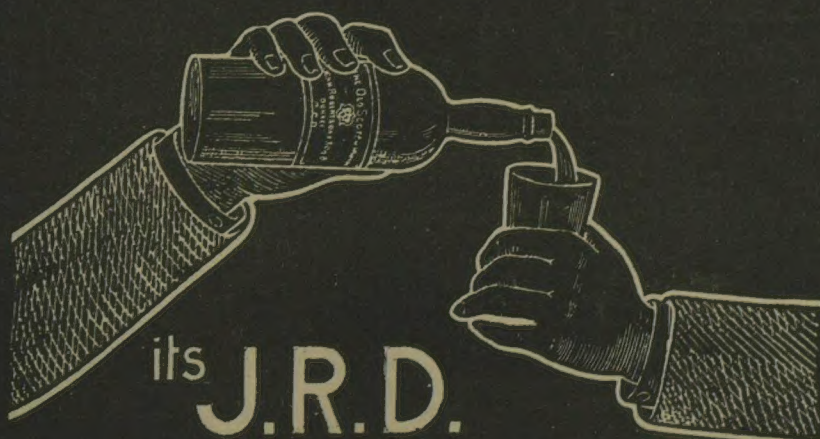
Purely
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**A Scientific Method
of Growing Hair**

The Evans Vacuum Cap provides the scientific
means of applying to the scalp the common-sense
principles of physical culture.

Baldness and falling hair are caused by the lack
of proper nourishment of the hair-roots. This lack
of nourishment is due to the absence of blood in
the scalp—an abnormal condition. It is the blood
which feeds the hair-roots, as well as every other
part of the body. If you want the hair to grow on
the scalp the blood must be made to circulate there.
It is exercise which makes the blood circulate.
Lack of exercise makes it stagnant. The Vacuum
method provides the exercise which makes the
blood circulate in the scalp. It gently draws the
rich blood to the scalp and feeds the shrunken hair-
roots. This causes the hair to grow.

Test it Without Expense

You can tell whether it is possible to cultivate a growth
of hair on your head by ten minutes' use of the Evans
Vacuum Cap. We will send you the Cap with which to
make the experiment *without any expense to you.*

If the Evans Vacuum Cap gives the scalp a healthy
glow this denotes that the normal condition of the scalp can
be restored. A three or four minutes' use of the Cap each
morning and evening thereafter will produce a natural
growth of hair. If, however, the scalp remains white and
lifeless after applying the vacuum, there is no use in trying
further—the hair will not grow.

The Bank Guarantee

We will send you, by prepaid express, an Evans
Vacuum Cap and will allow you ample time to
prove its virtue. All we ask of you is to deposit
the price of the cap in the Jefferson Bank of St.
Louis, where it will remain during the trial period,
subject to your own order. If you do not cultivate
a sufficient growth of hair to convince you that the
method is effective, simply notify the bank and they
will return your deposit in full.

A sixteen-page illustrated book will be sent you
free, on request.

EVANS VACUUM CAP CO., 928, Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis U.S.A.

**Goddard's
Plate
Powder**

For Cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &
Sold everywhere 1/-, 2/6 & 4/6.

**LORD KELVIN'S
PATENT WATER TAP**

The Tap without a Washer—or a Leak.

LORD KELVIN'S is the only Hot and
Cold Water Tap in which neither
Washers nor Packing is used.—The only
Tap in which the Valve does not come to
a sudden stop in turning off, but is gradu-
ally seated, and by this means constantly
maintains itself in an efficient condition.
—The only Tap which is guaranteed as
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Wear and Tear.

Sold in many varieties by first-class
Plumbers and Ironmongers everywhere.
Write DEPT. A. for Explanatory Booklet, Free.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:
The Palatine Engineering Co.,
LIVERPOOL. LTD.

from the refineries. It is interesting to know, and I may quote the authority of the United States Government Geological Survey for the statement, that Baku produces more petroleum than the United States, the advantage in favour of Russia being some fifteen million barrels annually, while it should be borne in mind not only that the present facilities for handling the large Russian product are crude, costly, and wasteful, but that the markets are far away from the place of production.

The oil industry has grown at a remarkably rapid pace, but its present highly developed organisation is due to the industry and intelligent perseverance of the Nobel Brothers. Before 1875 the output was only one million gallons of crude petroleum, which in 1881 had increased to four million barrels of refined oil, while in 1890 that figure had advanced to eighty-one million barrels. Petroleum is now in general use on steamers and railways, and the trade is still increasing, the volume of business expanding in such a way that it very easily holds its own in the markets of the world.

In 1902, the latest year available for statistics, the aggregate depth bored in sinking new wells and deepening old ones reached a total little short of 46 miles, a figure which was surpassed in each of the four preceding years, and actually reached the astonishing amount in 1900 of 94 miles 84 yards! On an average, it requires fifteen months to dig a well, the cost varying between £5000 and £6000. The oil conduit tubes for a well 2000 feet in depth cost £3000, and it may return perhaps 500 tons of oil a day, while its average life is three years. In the course of the year 1902, 1895 wells on the Ansheronsh peninsula yielded 10,266,594 tons of naphtha. Of this amount 1,528,706½ tons were given by "fountains."

Statistics for the year 1901 show an output of 10,822,580·2·3 tons from 1924 wells, of which 7,837,096½ tons were exported in the form of kerosene lubricants, naphtha residues, and raw naphtha, in the following amounts: kerosene, 2,075,806½ tons; lubricants, 206,451½ tons; naphtha residues, 4,988,709½ tons; and raw naphtha, 566,129 tons.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1904) of SIR CHARLES CUNLIFFE SMITH, BART., of Suttons, Stapleford, Essex, who died on July 31, was proved on Sept. 5 by Dame Agnes Frederica Smith, the widow, Sir Drummond Cunliffe Smith, the son, and Francis Capel Cure, the nephew, the value of the real and personal estate being £391,166. The testator settles all his real estate on his son Drummond and his heirs male, Lady Smith having the use for life of Suttons, with the furniture, etc. He gives £25,000, in trust, for his daughter, Frederica Mary Smith; £70,000, in trust, for his son, Drummond; £2000 to his wife; £1000 to Drummond C. Smith; £2000 to Harry Capel Cure; and legacies to friends and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons Drummond and Reginald.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1899) of MR. GEORGE EDWARD MARTIN, of Ham Court, Upton-on-Severn, Worcester, head of the firm of Berwick and Co., the Worcester Old Bank, who died on Feb. 12, was proved on Aug. 30 by Eliot George Bromley Martin, the son, the value of the estate being £100,887. The testator gives £550 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Maria Henrietta Martin, in addition to £300 per annum settled on her; £150 a year to his son Granville Edward, during the life of his mother; £150 per annum each to his three daughters, Charlotte Susan Henrietta, Madeleine Frances, and Annora Margaret, to become payable on the death of Mrs. Martin; and a sum of £1000 and interest to his three daughters. The residue of his estate he leaves to his son Eliot.

The will (dated Aug. 21, 1900) of MR. SAMUEL RIGG, J.P., of Grange Bank, Wigton, Cumberland, who died on July 29, has been proved by Thomas Rigg, the son, the value of the estate amounting to £45,715. The testator settles £10,000 on his son and his wife and family, and subject thereto leaves everything he shall die possessed of to him absolutely.

The will (dated July 14, 1890) of MRS. MARY GERTRUDE HAMBRO, of Hayes Place, Hayes, who

died on June 3, was proved on Sept. 2 by Commandeur Dudley Charles Stuart, R.N., and Walter Heriot, the value of the estate being £43,291. The testatrix leaves all she shall die possessed of to her husband, Mr. Everard Hambro, for life, and then for their children.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1904) of MISS ELIZABETH ADELAIDE MANNING, of 5, Pembroke Crescent, W., who died on Aug. 10, has been proved by Henry Drake, Charles William Townsend, and Charles Steele Murchison Bompas, the value of the estate being £25,458. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 to the National Indian Association in Aid of Social Progress and Education; £500 to the Female Education Fund thereof; and £700 for various branches in India; £2000 to Girton College, Cambridge; £1000 to the Theistic Church; £200 to the London School of Medicine for Women; £150 to the Charity Organisation Society; £100 to the New Hospital for Women; £100 to the Sadharan Brahmo Somaj, Calcutta; £100 to the Countess of Dufferin's Fund for Providing Female Medical Aid for Women in India; £100 to Miss Octavia Hill for charitable purposes; £50 to the Froebel Society; £50 to the Working Women's College, Fitzroy Street; £50 to the Froebel Educational Institution; £50 to the Central Society for Women's Suffrage; £50 to the Homœopathic Hospital; £50 to the Hindoo Widows' Home Association, Poona; and £50 to the Home for Hindoo Widows, Madras. Subject to the payment of numerous legacies, she leaves the residue of her property to Adelaide Louise Major.

The will (dated June 30, 1900) of MR. JAMES LENNOX HOUSTON, M.I.C.E., of 151, Cannon Street, E.C., who died on April 23, has been proved by Miss Margaret Graham Houston, the sister, the value of the property amounting to £23,858. The testator bequeaths £500 to his sister, Mrs. Janet Lennox Houston Dods; £500 to his brother, Laurence Craigie Houston; and £1500 to Jane Oldfield Boulding. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister Margaret.

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